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# A HUNDRED MINISTERS, "

AND

## HOW THEY SWITCHED OFF.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS  
OF MINISTERIAL LIFE.



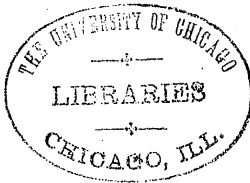
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## P R E F A C E.

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It was five weeks ago this 9th day of June, 1873, that I for the first time looked at the record of seventy-five ministers. Upon it I have looked every day and night since. It has been an interesting study to me, because I had a personal acquaintance with most of the men. I have taken them by the hand and conversed with them. I have heard some of them preach, and seen some of them die. I know how they have fought with wickedness, have pushed reforms, and have made the country ring with their true and powerful preaching. The success they achieved was an ample reward for all the suffering they endured and the work they did. These men, with their struggles and victories, have been a kind of vision

to my soul, like Ezekiel's army in the valley, only they were not all together at any one time. Nobody ever saw them all in one room, but they have been seen at different times, in different places, doing the same kind of work, and striving for the same great end.

My thoughts for a month have been of their names, and of a brief record that most of them have written of their own lives. It makes a book which but few people see. There is only one copy of it. It has not been printed, and never will be, only as it goes into these pages. Here will be a book within a book, and by adding to it the record found in my memory of one fourth of the hundred, I find my number.

The story is as true as that Melkina was discovered by a band of sailors, or that a woman's hand wrote the book which became the key to unlock the shackles of several millions of serfs in this new country.

I have no doubt but some ministers will recognize themselves in the pages of this book. If



so, remember that the truth is told from my stand-point. You would have shaded it down and colored it in a different way. No injustice is done any man by what has been written, and no attempt has been made to exalt any character above measure because the office is sacred. The truth, as contained in the lives of these men, is what we aim to present in our humble way.

If this book, in which we feel confident there will be found defects, meets with sufficient favor at the hands of the reading public, I shall present, in a future volume, a second "hundred ministers" whom I have known, and who have made an entirely different record.



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# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF MINISTERIAL LIFE.



## CHAPTER I.

### HOMES.

IT was a pleasant evening in June that I took the book which tells about the "one hundred," and commenced my search after the names, occupations, and history of their parents. It was a great undertaking. I was anxious to find out, not only who their parents were, but to know their grandfathers and grandmothers. I asked myself this question: Have they royal blood? There is a good deal in the stuff a man is made of, and my curiosity led me on a trail. It was a good one. The old English notion of blood, and the southern faith in aristocracy, had some weight to my mind when I was a boy, and the

impression remained that such men as ministers must be better in the make up of their souls, and their origin must have been above the common level of men.

But I lost these old notions by associating with the book. It told me a plain, simple story about the parents of these men ; of their humble life by the sea, among the mountains, in country cottages, with here and there a house in the distance ; of home in the village, in the city ; of toils in the store ; of labor in the workshop and on the farm, to get bread for the little ministers, — or big ones that were to be.

I never before had such a revelation come to me about men that I thought were out of my reach. For I had learned to reverence a minister with all my soul, and never thought to ask why, or even to doubt the propriety of doing it.

One thing I decided 'correctly many years ago ; that is, if I judge by the book : these men were the legitimate successors to the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. They are in the true succession. It makes no difference about the baptism or ordination. The water and laying on of hands has nothing to do with it, for there is nothing that

succeeds like success. If the proper authority puts a man into an office, he has succeeded anybody that has gone before him, and that is success so far. It may not be the man's success, so much as it is the Lord's, but it took them both to win it. The Lord put these men into the ministry, as we shall see. If we put their office and record over against their lack of aristocratic blood, the book will tell us that their career was a triumph of big hearts, good brains, native eloquence, and pure motives — just such agencies as the men and women of their times needed, in the pulpit to preach, and in their homes to talk, religion and pray.

The Rev. Carroll Orpheus had, from his earliest childhood, a drunken father. He was a lock-tender in Brinkly, in the province of Blonduff, many years ago, on the Salome Canal. The opening and shutting of the lock gates, to let the boats through, was the easy task he was engaged to perform day and night. The blowing of the tin horn by the boatman was the signal to shut the wickets at the far end of the lock, to keep the water out, and to open the wickets and gates at the other end, to let the boat in and through.

Carroll's mother performed these duties for many years, before he was old enough or strong enough to push the great heavy gates. Indeed, the mother earned the living for the family. With the rent of the house they received twelve dollars per month for their services.

The mother's name was Jemimah. Her frequent contact with the boatmen at the lock had a bad influence on her morals. She had a coarse disposition, which appeared in rough manners, and her conversation was even coarser and rougher than her disposition.

Jonas Orpheus and Jemimah, his wife, were among the best haters of religion I ever knew. They would sing the spiritual songs of the church for frolic, and mimic the prayers and sermons of the ministers, as Jemimah could do to perfection, for a playful pastime. The atmosphere of that home was pregnant with rum and mockery, profanity and obscene conversation. The most notorious of all the homes about Brinkly, for its opposition to goodness, ministers, and churches, was that of Jonas Orpheus.

Carroll's whole life was like a strong current sweeping through a region of moral desolation.



He seemed to be without a father or mother, forsaken in boyhood, youth, and manhood by his own parents, because he was a good boy, chose religion, and attended the Sunday school, prayer meeting, and preaching in the church, and finally chose the ministry as his profession.

A religious paper, a few days ago, published this announcement:—

“The Rev. Carroll Orpheus died, in his thirty-ninth year, in the province of Hallidroy. He served his country faithfully in the hour of her greatest need. He died at his own house. As the true and the good go to sleep at night, so he fell asleep in death, peaceful and happy.”

There was no good reason why that man should die so young. He had a good constitution, a fine physical frame. He paid attention to the laws of health, he never overworked his brain or body, and yet, we have reason to believe, the trouble was this: his feelings were just the opposite of his mother's. Very finely constituted, and accompanied with a delicate taste and keen perception, the intemperance and irreligiousness of the house in which Carroll Orpheus was born and reared, and the weight with which these wrongs of his

parents rested upon his sensitive soul during his active ministry, produced a pressure which ended in his death.

The poverty and humility of his father's house he could glory in, and often did ; for this was the common lot of the "one hundred," and of every hundred ministers who go at the highest call to preach the truth.

The heavenly Dove, then, as now, passed over the mansions of the wealthy, and selected the sons of toil, with honest habits formed in their youth, in the midst of the pure society of country plains and valleys. It was a compliment to the lowly paid by divine appointment.

Carroll could endure all but the shame of his parents' wickedness, which was aggravated by the thought of his preaching the gospel of God. It was a measuring of strength. He tried to lead them with him ; they tried to lead him back, and murdered their boy in the conflict. Yet he may win them to a life of goodness in the end.

His life work was done in the chief city of Melkina. He left the denomination of Christians among whom he began to preach, after he had received his education and preached to them

for twelve years. It was very unexpected to his friends that he left his place and was accepted and installed as pastor of a parish in another church that had a different form of government, but whose preachers taught about the same doctrines that the Rev. Carroll Orpheus had taught during his earlier ministry. Nobody could account for this change, while everybody offered a reason. There was one true soul to whom the secret was intrusted, but until death came it never was known. His wife says, whether it was a weakness or not, Carroll felt that in his section of the country to go from one church into another was very much the same as going from one nation into another. You cannot hear much from the church you leave, and they hear very little from you.

He was greatly annoyed for the first twelve years of his ministry by hearing, through ministers and members of churches that he met in his own home and in church gatherings, about his father. His friends improved every opportunity to sympathize with him, and he was ever suffering. He left his church to get rid of his trouble; but, poor man, he never found the relief his soul sought, for the memory of the past, and the

change, which was radical, and never enjoyed, wore upon his nature and broke his constitution. He died a literally worn-out man.

It was from homes of poverty that the "one hundred" started out in life, some of them, like Melchisedec in one particular at least, without father or mother; for a half dozen of these men lost their parents when they were in early childhood, and they grew up destitute of parental instruction and example, save what old acquaintances told them of their family history as they grew to manhood. The loss they sustained can never be estimated. It was a gap that nobody filled, for a substitute here is never as good as the original appointment made by Providence.

## CHAPTER II.

### BOYS AND SCENERY.

**S**OMETIMES a book gives shape to a boy's whole after life. If he has read it, and re-read it, thought it over, and lived in the atmosphere which the writer breathed, he gets a new disposition; his whole character comes out of a new mould, with new features and excellences; and of course he knows what has touched him, how the improvement was made, and how great it is; he feels that he has only begun to live.

It depends greatly on where a man spent his childhood whether he be worth much or little in building up society.

There is a great deal in the natural scenery around every city and town to develop latent energy in boys. The fish and game, berries and orchards, incite them to move quickly, and give employment to a spirit of enterprise. If scenery

spurs energy, it may arouse taste and thought, and produce poetry and philosophy, orations and sermons.

Put a man on horseback — the best way to ride, for pleasure and exercise, he can adopt. We sit too easy in a carriage. The motion is too pacific. The body ought to be active when the mind is. Then all the wheels of life play in harmony. The poet gives better verses, and the preacher better sermons.

The people used to ride on horseback more than they do now. A majority of the "one hundred" were horsemen — God's cavalry, drilled in boyhood for charging, on their well-fed, good-looking steeds, up and down the land. Ministers have been noted for their partiality to good horses. These young horsemen were getting ready to give the people charges on Election and Decrees, and to blow the bugle of Free Will and Free Salvation. They were in a good course of training for their work when their feet were in the stirrups. I doubt if they could have done so much in their theological battles, which were so many and so hot, if they had not practised riding on horseback. Not that the horses were any

more intellectual than ours are. But it is worth a good deal to get a man so aroused that he will exercise his own powers in their fullest strength. That was the office of the horses among the "one hundred." They helped to supply zeal and earnestness by making the blood run quickly, surcharging it with heat, so that when thoughts flowed they were on fire. The heavenly fire was not required in so large a measure to warm them up, because they used the natural force they had on hand. The horses helped them to preach the gospel and to win victories of salvation. This was done when they were boys. Their bodies became closely knit and rugged by the frequent shaking they received when riding rough-trotting horses to mill and out to pasture, and on various errands around home, thus fitting them for endurance and the coming hardships of unexpected toils.

Remember that they were blessed, too, above men in common, with the scenery they looked upon in their early lives. It was the best for making men that God has arranged in the country of Melkina. Some of these men came from the province of Blonduff, one from the province

of Oppeer, ten from Warwick, and a half dozen from Hallidroy. The most of them were born in the eastern provinces of Melkina; about twenty in Hillabud. Shamreef contributed eighteen, and Eureka thirty.

One peculiarity in their history is, that not a round half dozen even came from the cities. That life is too busy. The boys find too much there to bind them to the world—the stores and shops, and a thousand attractions that spring into being in a city full of people. It is common for the boys in a city to run together, and the mass of them are not good, and never think about goodness. Therefore, if an upright boy has thoughts of entering the ministry, his comrades are ready to laugh at the suggestion that one of their number is going to be a preacher.

A laugh cools a boy's ambition very quickly, sometimes. It chokes good thoughts, stifles conviction, defeats a good purpose, and I have no doubt but it has kept men out of the pulpit who ought to have gone in, and it would not be strange if it had driven some courageous, daring boys into this good work without a call. A boy cannot always tell what to do about going into



the ministry, when he thinks about it seriously; and of course some of them do not know whether they ought to stay out or not. When the question is settled in a boy's mind, as it often is, it should not surprise us if some mistakes occurred.

Two of the "one hundred" were under the influence of the coal mines in Blonduff when they were boys. Their fathers were miners, and worked down in the earth. Every morning about two hundred miners would each fasten his little oil lamp, hung to a wire to the top of his hat or the visor of his cap; and when the hour for work came, they would go down under the earth from a half mile to a mile and a half. A railroad ran into the mines, on which one car, drawn by a mule, would carry the coal from the workmen out by the side of the great railroad that ran close by the mines.

These miners were some of them in the habit of taking their dinner with them into the great deep. Others had theirs carried warm from the stove. They would descend in the morning, at the same time, after taking a smoke from their old pipes together, while sitting around the mouth of the mine. After their day's work was done,

they would all come out at the same hour in the evening.

Miners are frequently very rough men. The life they lead is one of hardships and exposures. They associate with one another, and seldom mingle with people of other occupations. The main reason is, they usually constitute the largest part of the population in their village or town. Their houses are built after the same pattern, and the men adopt about the same habits in social life. They are a class of people as much like one another, in the general drift of their lives, as sailors, soldiers, or bankers. When you study two of these men until you know them, and then make a little allowance for the variety in human nature, you have learned the lesson of a miner's life.

Jerry Ockdough and Aleck Maze first opened their eyes on this world in the society of miners, and it was miners and coal mines that made the first early impressions their souls received. They were vassals to these scenes and impressions until they were men grown. We shall meet them again farther on, and learn their story.

Most of these boys were under the moulding power of the sea-shore and mountains of the east.

To be nestled by the side of the sea in childhood is to have God's storms in their rudest forms for instructors. The rising and falling of the tide; waves rolling like mountains, under the pressure of high winds, and being dashed against shores that rise up to bound their impetuous motion; to practise looking over the wide surface farther than you have ever gone, and to know that others have gone far beyond your vision, — excite thoughts of the vast deep, which exert an imperceptible influence upon a man's character throughout his life. Fish and wild fowls, land and sea, shipping and storms fascinate boys, and afford them constant employment. They put a peculiar temper into the soul, and in a most emphatic way tell one how to work and how to endure; how to be quick and make quickness count; how to be up early if you are not in a hurry; and how to be up late if you are in a hurry. The great lesson of adaptation to surroundings is the lesson of sea-shore life with its soul-stirring experiences, in the midst of perils, into which every boy is sure to run once or more in his favorite boat.

Mountains have a different effect upon a boy's mind, though they may be equally good educators.

A tree is a good instructor. It may have age; then, of course, it has experience in bearing leaves, if not fruit, and perhaps both. It takes a good hold of the earth, by thrusting its roots down deep, and bracing on all sides, so that they will hold the trunk erect. It is built up from the ground for storms, and defies them. Its branches let the air pass through them as does a sieve. Ten thousand such teachers of thorough work cover the mountains. At them these boys looked; they climbed them, sat under their shade, cut some of them down and burned them, sawed some of them into boards, and laths, and shingles, in the saw-mill, made fences and wagons, sleds and sleighs, barns and houses of them.

The mountains, too, still stand, with their everlasting granite, that is cut into monuments for the tenants of the cemeteries, and to make substantial public buildings in the different provinces of Melkina. These mountains are rich and lofty. How the lovers of pleasure in Hillabud, Blonduff, and Hallidroy fill the cars to ride up into the pure, bracing air which sweeps over and around them in June, July, and August! A better place

for a whole nation of boys to be born and grow up in was never found.

That portion of the "one hundred" who enjoyed this retreat of a kind God in their boyhood were privileged beyond most men of their kind, for with life's earliest breathings they inhaled, all unconsciously to themselves, some of nature's purest and most elevating inspirations.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE TWINS.

IT frequently happens that a boy has parents who would rather have him be anything else than a minister. They think ministers are poor men, and dare not speculate or drive sharp bargains to amass fortunes ; and it frequently happens that a preacher does not have great success in drawing large congregations, or in getting good revenues for the society ; and sometimes he fails to impress the people with the real value of his gifts. It may have been an unpleasant experience for some parents to witness their boys going into a higher position than they occupied, or could expect to occupy ; for in years that are gone the people believed that going into the ministry was going up, and the boy who was lifted to this place filled a higher position than his father, who never became a minister.

The parents of the "one hundred" presented a

great variety of views in their relations to the coming preachers. Some of them were anxious to have their boys preach. They seemed to be possessed of the notion that, if they could only succeed in this matter, their sons would be safe from temptation and wickedness ; that they would be transformed into angels forthwith, or something quite as good ; and that they would be removed a greater distance from sin than men in the common walks of life. It is always refreshing to see people who entertain a high opinion of the sacredness of the ministerial office. But some of these parents were greatly deceived in the views they entertained of the impregnable character a man obtained if he once entered this office. They thought a minister could not sin ; that is, everything the minister said was true ; and he was quoted in society, in business, in the family, and in the professions, as supreme authority on questions of doctrine and morality.

If all these parents had thought and acted as the parents of Jerry Ockdough and Aleck Maze, perhaps the ministers would have been trained in one school, and there would not have been enough of variety. But these boys were fortunate in this

one particular — their parents did not show a minister any more respect than they did anybody else, unless he was worthy. It was a kind of rule with them that a minister had to make his character, as well as his reputation; and they never apologized for their minister unless they believed him to be misrepresented or falsely accused.

When he preached spiritual sermons they applauded him through the week, in the social meetings and before their children. They believed in spirituality in the best sense. To them preaching was a famine unless it was full of spiritual power. There was one other mark they looked for in a sermon: if it showed the people their faults, and came down with sledge-hammer strokes on common sins, they would say, "Amen!" aloud in meeting, for they were Belduffins, and nobody was alarmed to hear it. They were common-sense people, and their knowledge of human nature enabled them to understand what kind of sermons would do execution. Of preachers they were just as good judges as they were of sermons. It is often the case that common, uncultivated people, like the parents of these two boys, excel in deciding what should be done to win success in



a church. They were good teachers. Their rare common sense was their sole commentary, and their only text-book was the Bible.

Mrs. Ockdough and Mrs. Maze received a thorough drill in domestic duties from their parents, in early life. They married poor men, so that they were prepared to continue their vocation by serving in their own kitchens and parlors. This they did most acceptably to their husbands, who were really proud of the beauty that rested like a charm upon the different apartments of their houses. These two women were sisters. They had been trained under the same home influences. The pies, and cakes, and bread were all baked after the same style. The houses were furnished in about the same manner, and in nothing did they seem to vary but in name. Their very dress patterns were cut from the same piece of goods.

But the fact that they were twins accounts fully for their similarity in dress and household affairs. They were dead in love, each with the other. It was a matter of common interest in the community to see them living in houses that were only three feet apart, and to witness the strong resemblance in their personal appearance. Their eyes

were a dark brown, complexion light, and hair red. Their manners were gentle and very agreeable, and they were both members of the little Belduffin church, the only religious organization in the town.

Mrs. Maze was devoted to religion as few people are. She looked after the poor children of the village as though she was recognized by the courts as the public guardian of their interests. Every spring and fall she would go round with her subscription paper, and solicit funds to furnish the needy children with clothing, that they might appear in the Sunday school, and at preaching. When she would carry the hats, dresses, and shoes to the little folks, it was her custom to see their mothers, and explain to them their duties in relation to the religious training of their children. She never failed to get a hearing, for everybody likes good clothes ; and it was through these that she reached the consciences of the mother, and frequently of the father too. The value of a dress was always stated, how it came, — the Lord gave it, — the duty of keeping it for Sunday wear, and of sending the child to Sunday school ; and “ to do this you should go yourself,” was taught in her

very impressive manner. The responsibility of raising children in the fear of the Lord was the central thought of influence in Mrs. Maze's soul. It was the one work of her life, and it inspired her to act as a kind of godmother to all the children in town, and in not a few instances did she win the parents to a better course of life by her benevolent treatment of their children.

Aleck Maze used to think it strange that his mother should do so much for other children ; but jealousy was not a very strong trait in his character. At times he felt its motions, and experienced thoughts that it suggested, and occasionally it led him to say unbecoming things to the little boys or girls who wore clothes that his mother had prepared for them. But he was becoming trained, under his mother's example, for a different field of labor. It gave him broader views of duty to others ; it enlarged his sympathy, and restrained his jealousy. The development of an excellent type of feelings in her own boy's heart was the reflex influence Mrs. Maze exerted, almost unconsciously. Little did she think of any good work she was accomplishing for anybody but the poor children, and yet her work for them was the most

impressive preaching that Aleck knew in his boyhood. It aroused his thought just enough to observe the work, and yet it did not generate in him any permanent opposition. It gave him a teachable frame of mind, and this became one of the greatest blessings he enjoyed during his early life.

Mrs. Ochdough was possessed of very tender feelings. Her sympathies were of the most delicate sort, and very naturally did they lead her to think of the sick and aged. Her sister seemed to monopolize the children of the village, so that she meditated upon the condition of the afflicted, and those deprived of church privileges and society, save what they found in their own families and occasional callers. She studied the Bible to find the sayings of the Lord to the sick and aged ; and such books as were written for the comfort of the sorrowing and afflicted she read with a keen relish. The delicate health from which she suffered greatly for fifteen years after the birth of Jerry, her only child, turned her thoughts and feelings in this direction. If she had been able to do the active work which engaged her sister's hands, these twins in the gospel would have been

as much alike in their public ministrations of mercy as they were in the flesh. But her afflictions were like an officer, guarding her from going out much from her own home. Though she sighed daily for an active life, that she might bless the children of sorrow and pain, but it never came, for her sufferings were terminated in death. This threw Jerry and Aleck into the same family, to eat at the same table, sleep in the same bed, and, more like brothers than cousins, to walk together in the way of life. They went out as two, just as Christ sent his disciples to preach the gospel: they had been taught in excellent examples and the purest precepts that could fall from the lips of faithful mothers.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CALLED TO PREACH.

I ALWAYS supposed, until late years, that the call to preach came to men, and to nobody else; that women and boys were not noticed by the authority that tells men to leave all and enter the ministry. I have heard good people talk about men being impressed that it was their duty to preach, and I have heard preachers speak of it. But the books which tell about the "one hundred" have given me a new view of the whole matter.

Boys are called to preach the gospel, and most men that wear the clerical name were called when they were in their boyhood. The age at which these men were called varies. Some were first conscious of having received a call when nine and ten, some twelve and fifteen, others when eighteen and twenty years old.

The Lord does not always let his candidates grow up to manhood, and become involved in all

the common sins of the times, before he touches their minds with the idea that they must consecrate themselves to this duty. Just as the Saviour went among the poor to teach, so the Lord goes among the boys for his preachers. Some men never give up, and begin to preach until they are past twenty-one ; some are thirty, and others forty years old, before they commence. One of the "one hundred" refused to do it until he was forty-seven, and then he began the work that he had believed for thirty years he ought to be doing.

There is an old theory which teaches that men are called after they are born of righteousness, and that they cannot be called before that time. This may be true ; but I have seen men who were led into the experience of a changed nature by the idea that they must preach the gospel. Boys have a great many queer thoughts, and they are not all sinful. Called as many of these men were in early life, being strongly impressed with a sense of duty, as a boy would make an impression with his face in moist clay, so the divine conviction made its impression on their feelings, and drew them to this course in life.

Grandfathers and grandmothers, old deacons and ministers, have looked upon some of them before they had passed beyond their tenth year, and seen in their carriage, type of mind, and conversation a certain tact which was ministerial. They often saw the minister in his first unfoldings, and pronounced their blessing upon him. Parents have felt it as much as Mary did, if not so early. It came to them many years before any others knew the secret, that "my boy will some day fill the office of a minister in the church of God."

Oliver Barndollar had left home, and engaged himself as a printer in Norman, in Blonduff. He was an expert in setting type, and frequently wrote local items for the paper. He was enamoured with his work, and especially with the prospects opening before him as a local reporter. For he was encouraged to think, if he was diligent and faithful, he would be promoted, some time in the future, to a place on the editorial staff. Oliver was ambitious, and the way he adapted himself to the variety of work in the office secured for him the admiration of the editors and stockholders of the paper. It was when he was enjoying this flood-tide of favor that a wealthy Christian gentleman stepped



into the office, early one morning, before any of the employes were in save Oliver.

The old gentleman told him that he was on his way to Hillabud, and that he had stopped in town over night to see him about an important duty. "I missed you last night, and want to take the early train this morning."

The old father said, "Oliver, I have watched your course closely ever since you were converted in our church; and when I heard you pray publicly for the first time in that revival, I was convinced that you would make a preacher. Now, I don't want to argue the question with you, but just say this: don't let any flattering prospects you may have in business allure you from the path of duty." He looked at his watch, and said, "It is almost time for the train. I must be going. Good by."

If a man had come into the office and told Oliver that he was to be the next president of the United Provinces of Melkina, he would have believed it just as quick as he was disposed to believe what the old gentleman said. But this one thing was favorable to the mission. Oliver's mind was in a plastic state. He was teachable, and easily im-

pressed by appeals made in the interests of a good cause. He was thoughtful, and had learned how to weigh other people's thoughts. He knew, as few boys of his day did, the great moral worth of a conviction to be true, and to obey his superiors in the gospel. This one fact made the arrow, which was shot by the good father, and which flew into his inner soul, strike with greater force. Besides, he had learned, just as everybody in the place had done, to love and reverence the good old man that came to see him.

I cannot tell you all about Oliver's experience in deciding the question ; but it is sufficient to say, he sought counsel of his pastor, wrote to his mother, and talked with God concerning it. Very soon the people said, "Oliver Barndollar is going to be a preacher." Several said, "I told you so." An old lady, on first hearing the news, said, "I always thought he looked like a preacher. He prays like one, and he will make a wide-awake one, I tell you. He won't let any grass grow under his feet."

He left his much-loved position in the printing office at the call of God when he was fifteen years old. The current of his life was broken, and

turned strongly in the direction of a higher work. We leave him as he goes to his books.

Every man is not called under the same circumstances. The conviction that seized these men and drew them to preach was very much the same in its inner workings, but the outward manifestations differed according to the natural temperament of the person, his experience among men, and the degree of mental discipline he had attained.

Horatio Murphy, a man of whom I shall have more to say hereafter, always spoke of receiving his call when he was ten years old. He was a newsboy on the streets of Bontos, in Hillabud, and frequently served as a boot-black ; but selling daily and weekly papers on the streets was the chief employment upon which he depended for money to buy his clothing. His father was poor, and had lost his health ; and Ho', as the boys called him, gathered a great many pennies by hawking his papers like a street orator. He was a capital salesman. The publishers were glad to let him have all the papers he asked for to sell. A murder, or fire, or robbery, or calamity of any kind, would be highly embellished by his adjectives and singing. He had a most peculiar voice, which ap-

peared to good advantage when he would strike a high note. Ho' could cry, "Herald extra! Evening edition! Murder by congressman Swittles!!" equal to a well-trained elocutionist.

A friend, Peter Simonds by name, said to him, one day, "Ho', what do you sell papers for?"

"Money!" was the prompt reply.

"Do you like the business?"

"No."

"Why don't you like it?"

"Well, to be honest, sir, I would rather be at some better business."

Mr. Simonds said, "What do you think you will make of yourself?"

"I don't mean to sell papers all my life — you bet! My folks brought me to this country to make a man of me, and I'm goin' to be a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister; and I rather think I'll be a minister."

His friend smiled, and said, "Why, Ho', how can you be a minister? you have nobody to help you."

"Yes, sir, I have," was his reply; "I can help myself."

"Well; but do you think God wants you to be a preacher?"

"O, yes. I was down at the preaching on John Street, and heard them tell how the thing is done, and I'm all right."

Mr. Simonds had seen him at the meetings and in the Sabbath school, occasionally, and now the opportune moment so long desired had come. He asked Ho' to call at his house on Maxwell Avenue the next evening, at seven o'clock. Ho' promised to be there. The hour arrived, and Ho' walked over and up the stone steps, wondering and talking to himself. "What on earth does that man want of me? He wants to give me a job—it may be to keep his horses; but, then, I am too little. He is going to make me his boy! I have heard of such things." And, while thinking and muttering thus, he rang the bell, and the same friendly gentleman answered the call, and shook his hand heartily, and took him into the parlor, and they were seated together on the sofa.

Mr. Simonds used but few words in conversation, and he was true to his characteristic on this occasion.

Said he, "Ho', I want to know if you have ever been told about Jesus."

"Yes, sir; I know him."

"How do you know him?"

"Why," answered Ho', "haven't I sought him in our old garret, and hasn't he converted my soul? and I'm one of the happiest boys in Ooing. And that, sir, is why I told you I'd like to be a minister."

"But where did you first hear about Jesus?—down at John Street?"

"No, sir; my mother told me about him, and she told me how to pray; and I did, and I keep doing it."

"Will you come and live with me, Ho', and go to school? And, as I have money, I can take care of you, and pay your schooling, and give you clothes; and you be our boy, and some day you can be a minister."

"Yes, sir, I would like that, if my father and mother are willing."

The sequel is this: Ho' talked it over with his father and mother; they gave their consent; and that proved to be the open door through which Horatio Murphy entered the ministry.

## CHAPTER V.

### GYMNASTICS.

THERE was one man among the "one hundred" who always excited my sympathies, because he was sick. Very few people are well. There is some weakness or pain that serves as a thorn in the flesh in every human body. Some people boldly declare what is the trouble with them before they are asked. Others wait to be interviewed, and then tell all about the sufferings they have borne, how much sleep they have lost, and what a hard lot they are having in life.

But Jammie Vose was a different boy. He was from Hillabud, where the people take great pride in education. Bontos was his native city. To Hillabud men it is the greatest city in the world. They think to be born in Bontos is to make your appearance in the midst of music and letters, philosophy and philosophers, poetry and

poets, schools and professors, reforms and reformers, religion and religionists. It is an extraordinary commencement for a human life to make its start in the world in Bontos.

In this particular Jammie Vose had the advantage of the rest of the "one hundred," for he was the only Bontos born preacher of this group, and in many respects he was one of the most unfortunate of them all. He enjoyed rare advantages to develop a literary character in the privileges of his own home, as well as in social life, and in his school in the city.

His parents had some money. They were not rich, but they were in comfortable circumstances, and by a life insurance policy, left by their son Robert when he died, the family received five-thousand dollars, which proved to be a windfall to Jammie, and it came at a time when he wanted to study landscape painting.

Few boys loved nature more than Jammie. He had an aunt who was married to Jerkins Bosworth, and they lived in the central part of Shamreef, in the midst of rich mountain scenery, on the edge of one of the handsomest lakes in Melkina. Jammie was very much attached to his



aunt ; she reciprocated his affection, and manifested it by making her house his summer home.

Jammie had a speculative and inquiring mind. His thoughts were as busy as so many bees. He was fond of books, and very curious to know other men's thoughts on live issues. He was a good thinker, and wrote with much brilliancy. But his boyish ambition showed itself mostly in painting. He drew and painted the lake a dozen times, and never got it right. The fields and fences, the house, and barn, and sheds, were sketched, and the mountains for forty miles around were piled up behind his aunt's house, in every conceivable style of arrangement. The country was painted and repainted ; he studied the fields, hills, and mountains, until he was better acquainted with the roads and by-paths, and the location of every tree, than the men who owned the lands.

But he failed in this profession simply because his talents did not reproduce Nature in her simpler forms. The great outlines were always well executed, but the little things — the grass and the grain, the tinting of the clouds and the blending of different colors in different objects, so as to

make pleasing contrasts — were never well executed. Jammie tried in vain to overcome the defect. The best authors were studied, and masters of the art were consulted in Bontos, but to no purpose. He finally discovered that he did not possess the native genius or taste that would empower him to bring his work to perfection.

This discovery was not made until he had spent four summers in wearisome study and work to arouse the latent gift he supposed dwelt in his soul. When the disappointment was reached, he took his easel, brushes, and paints up stairs, in his aunt's house, and stored them in the garret. It was like attending a funeral to see him carrying these implements, with which he expected to win fame by gratifying the taste of the lovers of art, to what he called their last resting-place. Jammie's countenance was like an old-fashioned deacon's when hearing a sermon on the judgment.

But his occupation was gone, and he was a failure. He was a Christian, and that saved him from being profane and crotchety. He suffered his failure with a great deal of patience, and in a very philosophical way, for he told his aunt that if he could not make an artist, he could

and would make what was better—a preacher of the gospel.

He had thought of this duty frequently, in moments of discouragement, for more than eight years. How to suppress the voice that cried in his soul that he should give himself to this profession, was thus far one of the peculiar studies of his life. For a whole year he gave his attention to vocal and instrumental music, hoping against hope that he could find the relief his convictions craved; but it was all in vain. He was unhappy in every kind of work, and everything he did was unsatisfactorily done, until he yielded to the call, and consented to enter the ministry.

While he found relief in obedience, he immediately discovered a serious embarrassment to a life of study, in a weak and sickly body, which he inherited. For several months just before he was born, his mother was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and twelve months before his birth his father was thrown from a buggy and struck his head on a large stone, and seemed ever after to be broken in his energies, and to be without the ambition and nervous force which characterized his life in former years.

Jammie unfortunately shared in these severe afflictions of his parents. His originality of mind and natural ambition, coupled with a really poetic style of expression, gave evidence of the richness of his mental gifts. But a sick body is an embargo that makes even a strong mind feel almost powerless. It paralyzes energy, as the blood runs sluggishly through the system, and it generates doubts and forebodings concerning one's prospects in a chosen calling.

Jammie Vose was under this great pressure of affliction when moved by the call of God. He had studied his own cast of mind closely, and he knew his bodily condition seemingly to perfection. But he resolved on this plan — that he would overcome disease by singing and speaking. He also resorted to gymnastic exercises, which were as severe as though he were developing sinews and muscles for a prize ring. He was determined to overcome the weakness he had inherited, the thought of which lay like a piece of lead on his mind.

No man ever undertook a more unpromising or discouraging task. Some of the best physicians in Hillabud declared it impossible for a man to

change the physical nature he had inherited, by any kind of exercise, climate, or diet. But Jammie Vose was conscious that, as he had failed in music and painting, so he would fail in the ministry if he did not overcome the great hinderance he found in his lack of energy. Men of experience had told him how necessary to a minister good health and a strong nervous system were. He had tried other professions, and tasted this truth so freely that he was a good subject to receive the instruction in its fullest force.

He went to school for five years, and every summer he took his vacation by the side of the lake, with his aunt, Bolinda Bosworth. About five miles from the house, in a clump of woods on a small hill, he pitched his little tent, which made a very comfortable shelter from the rain and sun. The most of his vacation was spent in this place. He had a gun and fishing tackle, dumb-bells, and a hammock; and the ground, covered with a woollen blanket, was his mattress. Frequently he would spend a night at the house, always walking to and fro, determined to fire his blood with new life. He became a dweller in the woods, and occasionally he would have a class-

mate or an old friend with him, to share the hospitalities of his romantic home. The struggles he had cannot be written. No general ever manœuvred his regiments more skilfully in fighting a hundred battles, than did this young man of twenty-four summers marshal his thoughts and will to overcome his debility.

His success was manifest. The walking, and fishing, and gunning, and swinging dumb-bells, playing ball, and various other means of exercise, to which he frequently urged himself, increased his flow of life. New fountains of energy seemed to open in his physical system, and he continued his studies without any serious interruption. This was owing partly to the course of study he adopted. He decided not to sap his weak energies by pursuing those branches which did not contribute directly to the calling he had chosen. He was allowed to elect his course of study. This was done by taking a scientific with a theological course, and passing by Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. These studies, he thought, could be pursued by those who had a strong physical system, but for him it would be a useless expenditure of strength to give the time to the languages. At

his graduation and entrance to the ministry he had gained greatly in the resources of energy and endurance. In his graduation speech he made use of his experience to illustrate his theme, which was, "Physical health necessary to a professional life."

## CHAPTER VI.

## BROILS.

THERE is another man among the "one hundred," of whose origin I shall write. Harmony Jonkins was the child of parents who did not live happily together as husband and wife. They never learned how to endure each other's foibles, though it can be said to their credit that they never came to blows ; yet they have hatefully pushed each the other when attempting to wash their hands in the same bowl, and to dry them on the same towel. Their loud scolding was a common theme of conversation for the gossips of Scutney. They got cross with each other, on an average, once a month, and gave vent to their passions by indulging in unbecoming epithets.

Michael Jonkins used to tell how his Betsy abused him. He was an open-hearted sort of man, and generous to the poor. He spent most of his spare time in the country store and post-office,



especially in the evenings. The men would gather from their homes, as is common in villages, at the store on winter nights, and talk about themselves and everybody else whose name happened to be mentioned.

Mike Jonkins, as he was called, filled the place of "grumbler" in the crowd. He would tell all the conversations that passed between "my Betsy and me." This he was sure to do whenever they had a quarrel at home. If there was anything he could not keep to himself, it was trouble. He could conceal the pleasures of his household; and in business affairs he was like one of the secret order—he never revealed anything; but he seemed to have a particular weakness to talk about any friend or neighbor with whom he had trouble in any way, even for forty years back. A school-teacher left wales on his back; he never could forget it. When he was nearly sixty, he talked and scolded about that ruthless schoolmaster.

The strangest feature of this weakness was the fact, that Michael always abused most his friends who were the most closely related to him. His wife came in for her full share in his conversation from the time they were married until he died.

He complained : " Betsy don't get up early enough ; she goes to bed too early ; and Colonel Dobbin's wife can excel her in making butter, baking bread, and roasting beef. Everything is poorly done at my house." The men and boys would only need to say, " Well, Mike, does your wife do any better than she used to ? " and immediately he was ready to scold about Betsy.

He practised this whining and complaining so long, that he made for himself an unenviable reputation, and lost many opportunities for making friends. Nobody was willing to associate with him as a friend, unless it was the proprietor of the store, who was a sagacious man, and knew that Mike had lost all his influence, and what he said about his wife and friends had no weight with the people. Betsy Jonkins knew this so well, that she never was disturbed to learn that she was berated by her husband in the presence of other people. She managed him as a captain does his vessel in a storm ; she never tried to prevent the storm while it was raging, but would say, " Let him talk till he is done, and he will be all right ; " and it was so. Frequently did he acknowledge his weakness, and the wrong he fell into through it, but he

repeated the mistake after the confession, as sure as the opportunity presented itself.

He was a generous provider. He kept his house well furnished, his wife and children well dressed, and his table well supplied with the best provisions in the market. His weakness was fault-finding.

When Mr. Jonkins was in one of his moods of confession, which lasted about two months, a son was born to him. The name by which this boy should be called was a difficult thing for the parents to decide. After a good deal of discussion, they at last determined to call him Harmony, and for this reason: Mary called her son Jesus, because "he shall save his people from their sins." They said, "Our boy shall be called Harmony, because he shall save us from discord." Michael really thought this was the only thing necessary to make peace in the household. They had one daughter, and now the father wanted a son. In the pride of his heart, he made a grand rally to save himself from his weakness, and the boy must bear the sign of the peace that had come to the house.

The father's after-life repeated the story of former days. He soon fell into his old grooves, and ended

his days, when his boy was nineteen years old, while scolding because the doctors didn't know anything.

Harmony Jonkins was very much like his sire. His large, bold eyes, and black, curly hair, his erect form and nervous motions, were all in striking resemblance to those of his father ; but in no one thing were father and son more alike than in the tendency to criticise their neighbors, and in expressing suspicions concerning other people's actions and intentions. I cannot say whether Harmony inherited the tendency to this sort of practice as an evil that was rooted in the blood, or by the education he received from associating with his father. At any rate, he had the pernicious habit, and to overcome it became one of his troublesome duties.

The family were really divided. Mrs. Jonkins and Decelia, her daughter, were exceedingly fond of each other, while the father and son were constant companions from the time that Harmony was strong enough to run around. They visited their friends together, took evening rides, went a-fishing, attended concerts and lectures. Every kind of entertainment or pleasure was enjoyed by the father

and son in company. The mother and daughter were seen together on public occasions, in their pew on the Sabbath, and in Sunday school, in much the same style.

Harmony was a wild, reckless boy. At fifteen he was very profane, and made a free use of falsehood. He neglected religious services, and was the most skilful truant boy in the public school in Scutney. His father's death revolutionized all these evil practices. The old prejudices that had been aroused in his heart against his mother and sister by his father's fault-finding, years before, yielded under this stroke of affliction, and his affection for them was renewed. They treated him tenderly and kindly, and, in this hour of his severest loss thus far in life, they led him to the Bible and all the church meetings, until they were permitted to hear him tell of the Christian religion as his choice for life.

This change was wrought in his experience and life before the end of the ninth month following his father's death; but the greatest, and to the people the most astounding, revelation was, that Harmony was pursuing a course of study, and reciting to the parish minister three times a week.

He was called to preach when he was converted. He never could tell at what particular time he received the call, any more than he could tell the exact time when his moral nature was changed ; but of both experiences he was equally sure, and he made up his mind, under the advice of his pastor, the Rev. John Haddleburg, that he would be a preacher of the gospel.

For several years, the parents of Harmony Jonkins designed him for the practice of the law, and, until his attendance upon the meetings, and the change to a religious course of life, Harmony had no thought of devoting himself to any other profession. His literary education was pursued with this single aim. The spare time Harmony found hanging upon his hands was occupied in hearing petty cases tried in the police court in Scutney. He was always in his element when he could attend the district court, and witness the progress of a trial. Law students were his associates, and law books were among his choice reading.

Being tinged with a desire for politics, he supposed the line of promotion to positions of trust in the government lay along the practice of the law. His inherited nature was of the combative type ;

hence he saw in politics and the law avenues where his natural tendencies could be employed in defence and attack. Opportunities were all he coveted to show the powers of his mind.

With an unusual measure of confidence for one eighteen years old, he was led into prominent discussions at lyceums ; and at the same age he manifested an itching of soul to write for some of the leading papers of Shamreef on the political issues of the hour. Harmony's love for public life became a passion, but his religious experience produced a new view of public position. Duty, not ambition, was now the governing principle ; and yet the sorrow that filled his boyish heart, when he felt that he must give his attention to preparation for the pulpit, and abandon his old choice, cannot be told.

Harmony was by nature sober enough for a preacher, while the appearance he made before an audience, and the favor with which he was received by the people as a declaimer or public actor in dialogues with the young people, contributed to inspire with a brighter glow the feeling that haunted his soul in reference to being a preacher.

For several months, the two callings balanced

each the other in Harmony's mind. A choice was to be made between them quickly, because the unrest of mind produced by the indecision was annoying. The kind offices of solicitous friends, chief among whom was his pastor, with the openings offered by the church, and the still growing conviction that he must preach, turned the scale, and Harmony Jonkins was, by his own choice, a candidate for the ministry.

I shall go on with the record of the "one hundred" as they passed into higher work and experience. It would be impossible for me, in a book like this, to give the early experience of each of these men. Indeed, I can but write the names of many, without giving their history. I have thus far selected the names of a few, who were representative boys, and became representative men.



## CHAPTER VII.

### MAKING MINISTERS.

ONE of the most important qualifications necessary to a high degree of success in the ministry is native talent. If Nature has bestowed this choicest of her gifts upon the soul, the discipline and knowledge are close at hand to equip the mind for every variety of work. Every candidate for the pulpit needs only to have a hungering and thirsting after knowledge, know how to read into the depths of other men's teaching, possess the art of being diligent, and with willingness and cheerfulness do a great deal of hard work. Such men succeed, while all others fail.

The days in which a majority of the "one hundred" lived were not blessed with the abundance of schools and books, magazines and papers, that crowd the pathway of the present generation; and still, these men were well educated for their

high calling. Though they did not all have a collegiate training, or graduate at theological schools, yet they knew something about the matters taught in these places, and what was of vital importance in their work, they knew how to use the knowledge they possessed to good advantage.

Horatio Murphy was one of the most highly-favored men of this hundred. That good old man, Peter Simonds, took him into his house and favor, in Hillabud, when he was ten years old, and became his counsellor, made him a member of his family, and fostered the boy's convictions that he should be a preacher. When Horatio was nineteen years old, after he had enjoyed the privileges of the city schools, and was fitted to pursue higher branches of study, Mr. Simonds sent him to St. John's College, and, after a four years' course he graduated there with more than usual honors. Mr. Simonds gave him a theological course under the private instruction of the venerable Dr. Marly.

The education Horatio received in the schools was of the highest order. Few men of his times were better trained for preaching the truth than

he. This fact, joined to his talents, made the future full of promise to him as a minister.

Horatio was settled over a small society of one hundred members, located in Balurma, a populous town. When he stepped into the little log church, to preach for the first time, he was discouraged to see not more than fifty hearers present. They were a plain appearing people in dress and manners. The glass was broken from some of the windows. The benches upon which the people sat had the merest apology for a back — one cross-piece that touched high or low, according to the height of the hearer. The pulpit was a table, four feet long by two wide, with a small box on top of it. The covering which hung down to the floor was of plain black cloth. The bare wood greeted the eye in every direction. Paint was not used inside or outside of the building. It was a plain log structure, without cupola or bell. Every cent it cost was paid, the society owed no man anything, and by paying their pastor one hundred dollars' salary a year they enjoyed a good prospect of keeping out of debt in the future.

The community cared but little for religious services. The morals of the people were of a

very low order, but Horatio Murphy inspired them to appreciate the church and the ministry in less than two years after his settlement. This was evinced in the general observance of the Sabbath, in the improved condition of the public schools, also in the painting and beautifying of the private residences of the people, as well as the adding of twelve feet to the length of the church to accommodate the people who came to hear him preach.

The settlement of Mr. Murphy over this society was marked by two events of extraordinary interest to the Simonds family, as well as to the public. He was married before he was settled. His wife was the daughter of Luke Simonds, of Shamreef, who was a cousin to Peter. Horatio became acquainted with her just before he entered college, at the house of his adopted father. She was handsome in form and face, and graceful in manners. It is rarely that any but a good-looking lady wins the affections of a minister, and as a rule ministers have handsome wives. It was true in this instance. Miss Simonds won Horatio the first time his eyes rested on her, but he did not secure her so quickly. There was a hinderance to this

which he did not fail to recognize. He was an Irishman, and she was an American. His addresses were not entirely acceptable. Indeed, he went farther, in the earlier stages of his acquaintance, in the attentions he paid her, than was judicious, for jealousies were aroused, by this partiality of Horatio, among a few lady friends of Miss Simonds, who exerted their influence to dissuade her from keeping company with Mr. Murphy. They put on the form of secret expressions of surprise to Matilda. Several of her lady friends called upon her one evening, and in the course of the conversation, Horatio's treatment of Matilda was discussed.

Said one lady, "What, Matilda! do you receive attentions from, and have for a beau, a boy born of Irish parents, who has been a newsboy, and whose name is Irishy?"

"And," said one of them, "your own father's cousin picked him up in the street in Ooing, and he never would have been anything but for him."

"Yes," said a third young lady, "Horatio Murphy is going to be a minister. I wouldn't have any man for my husband going round with me, looking as solemn as an owl!"

Matilda had one virtue which showed itself on this occasion. She spoke no disrespectful word of Horatio, nor did she offend the girls by any harsh rebuke. She played a cold part in reference to the whole matter, and laughed with them all through the conversation, saying, "I am from Shamreef, and it isn't my errand in Hillabud to steal away any of the boys who haven't finished their education yet."

But there was real cause for alarm among the young ladies, as is seen in this fact, that from that conversation may be dated the kindling of more friendly feelings in Matilda's heart towards Horatio. She denounced the idea of being influenced by nationality. A simple name or birthplace, she said, was nothing. What in such a matter she regarded as most important, was the man, and in Horatio Murphy she found a Christian gentleman of approved pattern. After a visit of ten weeks in Hillabud she returned to her home in Shamreef. It was quietly and surely, that from this time Horatio and Matilda, by a long correspondence, carried forward their acquaintance, until they were married, two months before he was settled as pastor over the parish in Balurma.

Peter Simonds was gratified with the whole arrangement, and when opportunity offered, lent his aid, as a wise old man only can, to make the match and help the wedding. When Horatio was settled, that was the conclusion of the good father's engagement. He had educated Horatio, and, in addition, found him a good Christian wife. His *protégé* was now receiving a salary.

The habit of giving the young man money had so fixed itself in the old gentleman's character that he sighed for some one else to bless. He had found so much satisfaction in bestowing his contributions upon a poor boy to prepare him for the ministry, and had lived to witness the success which filled his soul with such joy, that he took his horse and buggy, in two months after Horatio was settled, and drove twenty miles to see the Rev. Arthur Long, who had been his pastor in former years.

When he arrived at his house in Blonduff, he asked Mr. Long if he knew a promising young man, who was going to preach, and who needed help.

"Yes," said the old minister; "there is a young man twenty-two years old, in my church, who

has been moved by the Spirit of God to preach—at least, he says so, and I am inclined to believe him. He is poor, just as his parents are, but he has a good mind, and possesses the gift of addressing an audience to a remarkable degree for one untrained for the service.”

Mr. Simonds requested the minister to send for the young man to come to the parsonage that night. He did so without delay, and secured his promise that he would be there.

The evening came, and Jerome Zeigler appeared in his pastor's study with the two gentlemen, who had patiently chatted the time away until he arrived. A good many questions of a general character were asked the young man by Father Simonds, who finally questioned him about his education.

“How much have you been at school?” said he.

“I can't tell, exactly,” said Jerome; “but I have not attended any but the common schools. For two winters, at night schools, I have written compositions, and have also studied Latin at my work.”

“What is your work?” inquired Mr. Simonds.



"I am an ornamental painter of chairs, sleighs, and buggies," he replied.

"Have you made any progress in writing compositions or studying Latin?"

"Yes," said Jerome; "I can read Latin very well, and I have about two dozen compositions that I have written on different subjects, at odd moments."

"Will you let me look them over?" asked the old gentleman.

"Yes," replied Jerome; and he brought to Father Simonds one dozen of the best he had written.

The good old man extended his visit over the second night, and made another engagement with Jerome for a talk that evening. Jerome, the minister, and Father Simonds were seated in the study, in the same chairs they occupied the previous evening.

Jerome had a great many curious thoughts arising in his mind during the day after the conversation. Not a word was said by anybody about what Father Simonds proposed to do, and Jerome was left in doubt as to what his pastor and that gray-haired old man were plotting. He

had a very strong impression that they were going to push him out at once as a preacher.

When they were seated in the study, the second evening, the old gentleman began: "Jerome, I have made up my mind that you should be a preacher, and I propose to aid you to get a theological training. You are too old to take a collegiate course of study and afterwards a theological course, but you can go to Hillabud, and board in my family free, and I will furnish your clothes and books, and pay your tuition. Rev. Dr. Marlay is an excellent theologian. He lives near our house, and you can study under him. Now," said Father Simonds, "will you do it?"

Jerome was not expecting such a generous proposition from such a source, and for the moment was bewildered; but he rallied and replied, "Father Simonds, I shall never be able to pay you for all you propose to do for me, and I don't see how I can agree to go with you."

"Pay me!" said Father Simonds, "I never want any pay from you. I am not going to do this for you so much as for our Lord Jesus Christ. It is his cause I want to help. And now, my boy, I will do all that I have said, and you must

answer to God, at the great judgment, for accepting or rejecting this offer."

Said Jerome, "It is in the line of my duty to accept your offer, and I suppose I could do it if it were not for one thing."

"What is that?" said Father Simonds.

"Well," said Jerome, "I suppose I can speak of it here, though it is a secret. I am engaged to be married in nine months from this time, and if I must study theology two years or more, I can't meet my engagement."

This touched one of Father Simonds's peculiar notions. He was opposed to folks' marrying too early in life, and he said to Jerome, frankly, "I am not in favor of boys being married while they are attending school, and the only way out of your trouble is to put off your engagement until you enter the ministry."

This Jerome declared himself ready to do, if it would be satisfactory to Miss Lida Collins. He promised to try to effect such an arrangement, and in two weeks from that night he secured her consent to postpone the marriage for two years from the first of January, 1844.

Jerome wrote his new father the result, and

accepted the offer, promising to be in Hillabud in one month from that time, which promise he kept ; and not this one only, for when he completed his studies, Father Simonds made for Jerome and Lida a wedding in his own house, and among the guests were Rev. Horatio Murphy and his wife.

Mr. Murphy assisted Dr. Marlay to perform the marriage services, and the second time was the old gentleman made happy by seeing his work completed.

When Jerome bade the Simonds family good by, to go to his pastoral charge, the father wept like a child, and quoted good old Simeon's words : "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FICTION AND TRIALS.

THE early education some of the boys had, before entering the ministry, was received in the common schools. In their times educational privileges were limited. Three months was the longest term of country schools in the winter season, and frequently there was none at all in the summer. The lack of text-books and of well-trained teachers was a very great disadvantage for the boys to labor under. It is to be remembered, also, that the common people did not esteem an education then so highly as they do now. Parents did not care to keep their children in school. Play, that the children craved, and pleaded as an excuse for absenting themselves from the school-room, or work that the parents could have had done by other hands, or at other times, was allowed to break in on school hours. The provinces did not then legislate on the duty of

parents sending their children to school. With a few rare exceptions the whole treatment of the education of these boys was loose.

Jerry Ockdough and Aleck Maze, with Carroll Orpheus and Oliver Barndollar, entered the ministry the same year. Their education was good so far as it went, but it was not a thorough common-school course. After they left school and entered the ministry they enjoyed excellent opportunities to furnish themselves with the kind of training they most needed to insure success.

They were Belduffins, and it was the economy of their church not to allow a minister to remain more than two years on the same charge. Young men were moved, in those days, by common custom, at the end of the first year. The long round, as it was called, yielded rare advantages to a young man of studious habits to obtain books and competent instructors.

A round was from two to six hundred miles in extent, with from ten to twenty preaching appointments. One old preacher had general supervision of the work, and one or two young preachers were associated with him. These men divided the field and travelled from place to place, fol-

lowing one another over the round, each man preaching in his turn to each congregation. The old preacher was the schoolmaster, professor, and president of the college. His students were the young preachers that travelled on his round. They had regular places where they met to recite, and where the senior preacher would give the boys lectures on grammar and intellectual philosophy, history, Latin and Greek, theology and pastoral work making the chief subjects of instruction.

The four boys I have named, with a number of others on our list, relied mainly on this course of training for their preparation to preach, though this addition should be made: the practical experience they had in preparing and preaching sermons gave them an opportunity to use the information they acquired from the books they read.

A great deal of their reading was done on horseback. It was in this position they were obliged to prepare many of their sermons, while riding from place to place. They used personal experience, the things of which they read, and the scenery that passed before them, to construct their discourses. One excellent feature of their

preaching, that made it effective, was its practical character. They were unable to discourse on the sciences and history. But they made the most of a thorough experience in God. Everybody who heard them became persuaded that the preachers were pious men, and if there was such a thing as salvation they had it in its fullness.

This was the school in which a goodly number of the "one hundred" received their training—a common-sense, practical system. There was but little stiffness and formality about it; everything worked freely. When a man got through, he graduated in the saddle, and gave a gospel sermon to saints or sinners, or both, as his graduation speech. Utility was the aim all through the course. Every book that was studied or read must bear upon ministerial work, or it was deemed worthless.

Jerry Ockdough was a very sober young man, and could not abide the thought of reading a story. He and Aleck Maze often discussed the character of "A Wayfaring Man Lost" and "A Wayfaring Man Saved"—books which created a great deal of interest among the godly people of Melkina, because they were of a religious charac-



ter, and written in an exciting, romantic style, without any real names, except these — Sinner and Hell, Christian and Heaven, the Devil and God ; all other names used were fictitious.

Aleck's view of the present world was, that it is illusive ; there is nothing real in it ; everything is passing away, and will soon be gone ; God and Heaven, the Devil and Hell, souls saved and souls lost, are realities, and will last forever.

Jerry was opposed to turning the Christian life, or the doctrines of the Bible, into a mere tale, and Aleck believed it simplified great truths, and made Christian experience appear to be more a matter of fact, and more attractive to the people.

But Jerry said it was letting down the standard God had set in the Bible, for men to add to and take from, as they would naturally do, if the practice of writing stories upon the Bible and Christian character was continued.

Aleck replied, "The nature of the prophecies and the parables of the Saviour are samples of what modern religious fiction is. Our sermons and preaching are religious story-telling. We take three words of Scripture for a text, or a verse, or

six verses, and what we say on the text is the expression of our views from our stand-point in theology. Theology is just the same as a story on the Bible, and, Jerry, you carry theological books around in your saddle-bags wherever you go, and read them more than you do the Bible."

Jerry replied, "It is deception for one man arbitrarily to name people, towns, cities, and everything that he chooses to write about. If men must write books, let them use the names the people have adopted by common consent. It is falsehood and wrong to write fictitious names. Such writers will have a sorrowful account to give at the judgment."

Aleck said, "If a man writes about you, and calls you 'Doric,' 'Whirligig,' or Jerry Ockdough, if he means you, what's the difference in the name by which he calls you? If your name is written in heaven, do you suppose it is recorded 'Jerry Ockdough,' or 'Christian Saint, King, or Priest'? God don't care anything about the name you wear here. That will cease when you die. It won't follow you. And so it will be with other earthly names."

Jerry accused Aleck of speculating about what is to be done in the future, and said, "I shall not discuss the question any more. Let us give our time to more profitable work."

The senior preacher placed over Jerry and Aleck the first year was a very pious old man, who believed in doctrinal preaching and doctrinal preachers. In these days he would be a D. D., if not an LL. D.; but he had no cumbrous title affixed to his name. The young men called him brother Rothrock. The latter was his real name. Brother and sister were prefixes used by the Belduffins in those times, when addressing one another, and every newly-made Belduffin adopted this language, as though the church had an arbitrary law compelling its use.

There were occasions when the young men grew heartsick of this title in its application to their father in the gospel. Not that they lost faith in his piety, or his soundness as a theologian, but because he was a critical man, and they often suffered from his treatment. Every new sermon Jerry or Aleck prepared was submitted to brother Rothrock for examination. They learned to furnish a neatly-prepared manuscript, without blots,

written on both sides of each leaf. It was not long before the boys found that all they had heard of brother Rothrock's criticising the young preachers was true. The spelling, grammar, rhetoric, logic, and theology made topics for the private lectures he would pour out upon the poor boys, with exactness so severe that they felt they could never write a sermon fit for mortal ears to hear. Somehow the old man was stolid and cold in the construction of his nature, and in his preaching he manifested but little sympathy with the people. He was a terror to the young preachers, and every young man who travelled the long round with the Rev. Barney Rothrock, had the sympathy of all the Belduffin preachers and people who knew him. He was a close student, and had formed a very strong love for books. His saddlebags were always crammed with them, and an old layman used to suggest that it was too much for his horse to carry a hundred pounds of books, more or less, besides his master, who, by the way, was a tall, corpulent man, and weighed two hundred and ten pounds. His attachment to books made him unsocial, and the people looked upon him as a genius in learning. He usually read his

Bible in Greek, and never carried any other copy with him. At family prayers he would read from this in English. He was a good Latin and French scholar, and what proved the most discouraging practice of all on the part of brother Rothrock, for the young preacher, was his intolerable egotism. He knew they were beginners, and it was his delight to tell them about his library, how he conquered verbs, what he knew about German and Greek; and he would often take his Greek Bible and ask the young men to take their English edition, and read around. He crucified Jerry and Aleck on the cross of education more than a hundred times during their first year in the ministry.

In a revival, when they worked together, and the young men would preach at night before him, they expected a storm of criticisms the next morning, if they did not get it before they went to bed.

The voice was always pitched too high or too low. They hesitated too much in speaking, or they spoke too fast. The gestures were too stiff, or they made too many with the left or the right

hand. The sentences at the beginning of the sermon were too short or too long.

Aleck's weakest point was a gorgeous rhetoric. This, in brother Rothrock's eyes, was unpardonable; and every time Aleck preached before him, the old man would demolish his figures of speech as soon as he got the preacher alone, and frequently before that time arrived. It was no uncommon thing to hear him hint at Aleck's rhetoric and Jerry's grammar in company. He often said if the two boys could be put together, Jerry's plainness would modify Aleck's flowers of speech just enough to make what he called an acceptable preacher. It is altogether probable that Aleck received the severest treatment at brother Rothrock's hands of any young man he ever tried to train, and the poor boy used to go off alone, lie down in his bed, and roll and moan, because of the discouragements he received from his father in the gospel. But after he had travelled six months he learned this fact — wherever he went, the school-houses, barns, and little chapels were crowded with people to hear him. Jerry had smaller congregations, but of the three men,

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## CHAPTER IX.

## CHILDREN AND THE MINISTRY.

THE strangest fact that I have met thus far in the record of the "one hundred" is, that Orlando Biddle was refused admission to the ministry for four years, simply because he had a wife and two children. The Belduffins gave a reason for everything they did in those days; but the only one they offered for rejecting this young man was, "If we receive him he must go on a long round, and he may not get more than thirty dollars a year to support his family." This was a strong reason; but when Orlando's father and other friends offered to furnish the necessary support for his family, the Belduffin preachers still refused to admit him to their fraternity.

Orlando was thirty years old, talented, well educated, and full of courage. He came from one of the best Belduffin families in the province of Eureka. The custom of the ministry not to re-

ceive any man into the council that was married, or that intended to get married soon, was well established by long usage. In those early days of the church's life, popular opinion declared that no Belduffin minister could marry until he had been preaching four years. There were ministers who disliked the custom. The young men, as well as the liberal and progressive of all other classes in the ministry, believed that there should not be any unnatural restraints put upon preachers in their domestic life. It was not a law enacted by the big council, nor was there any scripture used to establish the custom. The poverty of the churches was the whole argument used in favor of it, until Orlando Biddle's case tested the custom, and broke it down.

The growth of public sentiment in favor of a married ministry was very rapid during the years that Orlando sought admission to the council. He gave an account of his call to preach where he went as an occasional minister.

He was riding on horseback to his father's home, ten miles distant, on a moonlight night. His wife was riding another horse by his side. They started from home at eight o'clock on a

July evening. They had to cross a mountain. While riding up the mountain's side, the horses walking leisurely along, the conviction that Orlando had had for five years in a modified form seemed to assume large proportions. It was then and there that God told him he must preach the gospel, or a woe would fall upon him.

He told his wife his conviction, but she made light of it, as she had done many times before. Very little did she realize the character of her husband's convictions that night, and rather than burden her soul, he shut up the call in his own breast, and bore his strange message from God along his way, thinking, "Perhaps it will pass away as a vapor;" but that same impression was made on his soul, again and again, in the same manner. The more he prayed and worked in the church and for the church, the stronger his conviction grew that he must leave all and follow Christ in his work.

He was a nervous, lively speaker, and whenever he told this experience, it made a deep impression on the minds of the people. He made it a part of his testimony in the love councils and at every woods meeting he attended, until he had told his

story in the ears of half the preachers of the big council, and everybody that heard him was under the conviction that God designed him for the work of the ministry.

It was a question in the council whether to receive this man of God's choice, including his wife and children, or reject God's choice simply because he had a wife and children. Never before had the question assumed so bold a form as it now presented. The ministers and people were in excitement over it until the vote was taken. It resulted in Orlando's admission by an almost two-thirds vote in his favor. That was the death-blow to the old custom, though the notion was still entertained and talked of; and it influenced many a young man to shrink from notoriety on that question, and to live in celibacy until he had preached four years. Even now, many of them do not marry until they have preached two years. Some of them go the four, though but few live longer than that before entering the married life.

Orlando Biddle conquered the prejudices and overturned the custom established by the ministers and people, that young men should not marry before they had an experience of four years in

their work ; but he was not through with reforms among the clergy. As it proved, he met a most bitter opposition, in the pews and among ministers, to reading sermons.

Orlando believed that manuscript preaching was the style he should adopt, because he was past thirty years of age when he entered the pulpit, and it would require a great many years' practice for him to cultivate effective extemporaneous habits of thought and manners before an audience. As a writer he was logical, with a terse style of expressing his thoughts. His theology was sound, and there was no lack of genuine Belduffin arousement in his delivery. He could stop in the middle of a paragraph, and shout, "I thank God!" "Praise the Lord!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God and the Lamb!" as well, and with as much effect on the audience, as the most expert shouters in the big council. When other ministers were preaching to his congregation, or at a woods meeting, he was the loudest spoken in his "amens" in the audience. His responses were apt, and the brethren and sisters always liked to hear brother Biddle say "amen," because it came round and full from the heart.



Everybody had faith in his piety, but it puzzled them to get along with him when he read his sermons. The custom of preaching without manuscript had grown, from the early days of the church, to be a universal practice among the ministers. Everybody believed in it, and any other method was doubting the Spirit. Trust the Spirit to help. Let the minister depend upon the Holy Ghost to aid him in selecting his text! Follow the pillar of cloud and fire! These were the sentiments of the Belduffin people and ministers on the style of delivering sermons.

When Orlando Biddle began to read in his pulpit, the people were disgusted. Some of the old members said, "I won't go to hear a man read sermons. It is a sin!" An old lady declared that the Lord had not called him to preach, because he read; and the senior preacher told Orlando, very solemnly, while they were sitting in his study one day, that he *must* give up the practice. "It isn't the Belduffin style; one of our strong points as a ministry is extemporaneous preaching; and, as the preacher in charge of the long round, I must forbid you reading your sermons before our congregations."

Orlando asked him what he would do. "There is nothing in the regulations of the church to prevent me from reading, and I have never learned that any minister in our church heretofore has been forbidden by the authorities to read his sermons. I can't preach without writing every word of every sermon; and then I must either commit the whole of each sermon to memory, and deliver it as a school-boy declaims, or I must take my manuscript in and read."

"Well," said brother Hastings, "by all means commit your sermon to memory, every word of it, and then go from your knees into the pulpit, and preach."

"I do not see how I can do it," replied Orlando; "it will cost me a great deal more labor to write my sermons and commit them to memory, than it does you brethren who preach from notes."

"Yes," said brother Hastings, "that is true. But we must have preaching in the Belduffin pulpit, and not reading. Our people will scatter if we read our sermons. They like to see the preacher's eyes, and they want him to move around in the pulpit, and not to stand stock still, and keep his finger on his paper for fear he will lose his

place, and keep turning over leaves! It is ridiculous. I should think you would have known these things before you entered the ministry, and not give us trouble in such a matter as this."

"Brother Hastings," replied Orlando, "I have not violated one letter of the regulations of the church, and if I continue to write my sermons, I do not see how you can be justified in forbidding me to read them. There is no law on this subject, save the law of custom; and greater liberty is to be granted ministers in our church, in this and some other matters, as schools multiply and our ministers and people are better educated. I do not know but the test case may as well come in my practice as anybody's else; at any rate, I am not afraid to try it."

Brother Hastings' righteous soul was vexed to think that a young preacher, who had not occupied the pulpit one year, should attempt to revolutionize this sacred custom of the fathers. It was the first instance of the kind that had come under his observation, and he had never heard of one in the whole church, aside from this.

Orlando was a born reformer. He knew how to be radical and firm, and yet to be kind and

affectionate, in his treatment of all persons who differed from him. He was ingenious, at times, in his management to get through difficult places ; and the way he devised to get through this difficulty, without compromising his position, was this : he wrote his sermons in detail, and about half the time he would memorize the whole sermon, and preach it from memory. The other half of the time he would memorize about half the sermon, and take his manuscript into the pulpit, and read about one half the sermon, and preach the other half. In this way he escaped the severe censure that he formerly received from brother Hastings and the people. The practice greatly improved his style and efficiency as a preacher, and by the example he led brother Hastings to prepare his sermons with greater care.

The young man became the teacher of his senior in the gospel, and the marked improvement in the finish of brother Hastings's sermons was one of the fruits that Orlando rejoiced to see the people reaping.

## CHAPTER X.

### PLAGIARISM.

THE Rev. Julian Jambreze was one of the most popular preachers, when in his prime, in the province of Blonduff. He entered the Christian way under the influence of a young lady, to whom he was paying attention with a view to matrimony. They both enjoyed a free opportunity for sport in their youth, and, like most young people, they needed the supervision of persons who were ripe in years and judgment. They were always to be found at the preaching service, and, in the absence of a policeman, a saintly old lady, commonly called Mother Grimes, assumed the authority to correct the young folks when in any way they were out of order in the meetings. She invariably carried a parasol, when it rained as when the sun shone. Her glasses were set in heavy steel frames, and she dressed in the very plainest style. Mother Grimes had

general supervision of the society in Tarrytown ; that is, she looked after matters in general, because she enjoyed it. The preacher and leading men in the church could not prevent this without offending her, and rather than hurt her feelings, or produce an eruption in the society, they endured the trial.

Mother Grimes was a great match-maker, and her shrewdness was not equalled by the greatest adept in this art among all the mothers in town. She was a very earnest admirer of Julian Jambreze when he was a little boy, and when he had grown to manhood and she saw him attending preaching with Miss Aurilla French, a lady of fine mind and excellent manners, she sorrowed as though the boy was lost. Miss French was an avowed Pontetoo in theory. The Pontetooos represented a great variety of belief — on God and His Son. God is God, and nobody else is God. Men come next to God, and they are like God only as they outwardly live as he teaches. Practically this was the faith of the Pontetooos in Melkina, though they never allowed themselves to hold a published creed. Divided as they were into various sects,

yet they all taught and accepted the two views of God and men which we have mentioned.

Miss French espoused this faith, and defended it with a great deal of jealousy. She did not believe that Christ was the divine Son of God, or that there was such a being as the Holy Ghost, or that the Bible was inspired. As a Pontetoo she accompanied her friend Julian Jambreze to hear the Sorongo and Zimrum ministers preach; but a doubtful smile would play upon her countenance when she heard these ministers teach what was not in her creed.

Mother Grimes saw the influence Miss French had over Mr. Jambreze, and she saw the difficulties that lay in the way of securing the young lady as a member of the Sorongo church. But she determined to win the young lady to the church of sound doctrine. This was her statement, and she set about the work.

Mother Grimes called on the minister. She had considerable influence at the parsonage, and engaged him and his wife to join her in prayer, three times a day, for Miss French. "Why," said she, "people say they are engaged to be married. Julian has a good father and mother. They are

members of the Sorongo church, and that boy must be a Christian and a minister, sure ; but if he marries that Pontetoo girl he is done for. She is fond of dress and jewelry, and she is light and trifling, and the greatest dancer in town. Mercy on us ! It will be a great condescension for Jesus if he saves her. But, then, nothing is too hard for Him."

"Why don't you pray for Julian?" said the minister.

"O, because," replied Mother Grimes, "you see it goes this way. We will pray for him, too ; but one thing at a time. If we can only get the girl converted, she will live a good life, and Julian will soon give up, for she has a good deal of influence over him."

An article of agreement was written by the minister, at the suggestion of Mother Grimes, which was in substance that they would pray three times a day that the Lord might move Aurilla French to turn from sin and ask for a better heart. The signers agreed to continue in prayer until the Lord should do the work. The pledge was signed by the three persons, though the preacher's wife did it more to please Mother



Grimes than for any other reason. They prayed for three months, and kept it a profound secret. In the mean time Mother Grimes sent an appropriate tract to Aurilla occasionally, by some person who would conceal the author of the movement.

If there was a person in Tarrytown whom Aurilla French hated, it was Mother Grimes. She had no sympathy with the old lady's positive religious views, and a great deal less with her constant assaults on the flowers and ribbons that the young ladies of the place wore. Mother Grimes knew that Aurilla had a very strong dislike for her, and that was enough to influence her to do whatever was possible to change the girl's course in life. She got the minister to call on her, and cautioned him not to pray with her or to talk on religion, but to speak a word in praise of Julian. She enlisted a Sorongo deacon to make Aurilla an occasional visit, and she wrote to an acquaintance in Jonesboro', twelve miles distant, who was a Christian lady, and a particular friend of Aurilla's in their early school days, requesting her to write Aurilla on the subject of religion. The lady consented to do it.

Mother Grimes put a copy of "God's Call to the Saints' Rest" in the hands of the deacon, and said, "Make Aurilla a present of this book, and if she asks who sent it, don't tell her."

These good people, doing earnest work for God, led others to adopt similar means to reform particular persons. The result was, a revival of religion came on, with a great deal of power, in the little union church. Seventy-five souls, of different ages, — men, women, and children, — openly declared, by baptism, in public prayers they offered, in words they spoke, or by the changed lives they lived, that their minds and feelings were changed by God. Among the number were Aurilla French and Julian Jambreze.

Mother Grimes was very happy. If she had been among the Belduffins, a shout would have expressed her joy. It was a great victory, and in it she silently rejoiced. She and Aurilla French were made friends in the hour that grace wrought the work. No sacrifice was too great for the young lady to make, if by it she could increase the comfort and happiness of Mother Grimes.

It is just twelve years from this time that we meet Julian Jambreze again. I had lost sight of

him by moving out of the province of Blonduff. I saw him the next time, after he came to God, when I was passing through Blonduff to Hallidroy, as the husband of the lady I knew as Aurilla French. They had a bright little boy, six years old, and occupied the parsonage located by the side of the Sorongo church, of which he was the pastor. The change was so great that I could hardly believe my own eyes. We sat in the parlor of that parsonage, and talked over early days, on a June morning. The wife, mother, and Christian — all of which Mrs. Jambreze had become since I took her by the hand, or looked her in the face, twelve years before — had not changed very much in appearance. Time had used her tenderly, and troubles, with their accompanying sorrows, had not gathered very thick upon her soul. She was twenty-five when she was married, of fine form, and from a family noted for remarkable endurance. Her beauty was not marred, but rather increased, by these years, for she looked motherly. The frivolous expression of earlier life was lost in womanly dignity. The rollicsome step and motion of her person now assumed the carriage of an influential woman in the church, as well as in

members of the Sorongo church, and that boy must be a Christian and a minister, sure ; but if he marries that Pontetoo girl he is done for. She is fond of dress and jewelry, and she is light and trifling, and the greatest dancer in town. Mercy on us ! It will be a great condescension for Jesus if he saves her. But, then, nothing is too hard for Him."

"Why don't you pray for Julian?" said the minister.

"O, because," replied Mother Grimes, "you see it goes this way. We will pray for him, too ; but one thing at a time. If we can only get the girl converted, she will live a good life, and Julian will soon give up, for she has a good deal of influence over him."

An article of agreement was written by the minister, at the suggestion of Mother Grimes, which was in substance that they would pray three times a day that the Lord might move Aurilla French to turn from sin and ask for a better heart. The signers agreed to continue in prayer until the Lord should do the work. The pledge was signed by the three persons, though the preacher's wife did it more to please Mother

Grimes than for any other reason. They prayed for three months, and kept it a profound secret. In the mean time Mother Grimes sent an appropriate tract to Aurilla occasionally, by some person who would conceal the author of the movement.

If there was a person in Tarrytown whom Aurilla French hated, it was Mother Grimes. She had no sympathy with the old lady's positive religious views, and a great deal less with her constant assaults on the flowers and ribbons that the young ladies of the place wore. Mother Grimes knew that Aurilla had a very strong dislike for her, and that was enough to influence her to do whatever was possible to change the girl's course in life. She got the minister to call on her, and cautioned him not to pray with her or to talk on religion, but to speak a word in praise of Julian. She enlisted a Sorongo deacon to make Aurilla an occasional visit, and she wrote to an acquaintance in Jonesboro', twelve miles distant, who was a Christian lady, and a particular friend of Aurilla's in their early school days, requesting her to write Aurilla on the subject of religion. The lady consented to do it.

Mother Grimes put a copy of "God's Call to the Saints' Rest" in the hands of the deacon, and said, "Make Aurilla a present of this book, and if she asks who sent it, don't tell her."

These good people, doing earnest work for God, led others to adopt similar means to reform particular persons. The result was, a revival of religion came on, with a great deal of power, in the little union church. Seventy-five souls, of different ages, — men, women, and children, — openly declared, by baptism, in public prayers they offered, in words they spoke, or by the changed lives they lived, that their minds and feelings were changed by God. Among the number were Aurilla French and Julian Jambreze.

Mother Grimes was very happy. If she had been among the Belduffins, a shout would have expressed her joy. It was a great victory, and in it she silently rejoiced. She and Aurilla French were made friends in the hour that grace wrought the work. No sacrifice was too great for the young lady to make, if by it she could increase the comfort and happiness of Mother Grimes.

It is just twelve years from this time that we meet Julian Jambreze again. I had lost sight of

him by moving out of the province of Blonduff. I saw him the next time, after he came to God, when I was passing through Blonduff to Hallidroy, as the husband of the lady I knew as Aurilla French. They had a bright little boy, six years old, and occupied the parsonage located by the side of the Sorongo church, of which he was the pastor. The change was so great that I could hardly believe my own eyes. We sat in the parlor of that parsonage, and talked over early days, on a June morning. The wife, mother, and Christian — all of which Mrs. Jambreze had become since I took her by the hand, or looked her in the face, twelve years before — had not changed very much in appearance. Time had used her tenderly, and troubles, with their accompanying sorrows, had not gathered very thick upon her soul. She was twenty-five when she was married, of fine form, and from a family noted for remarkable endurance. Her beauty was not marred, but rather increased, by these years, for she looked motherly. The frivolous expression of earlier life was lost in womanly dignity. The rollicsome step and motion of her person now assumed the carriage of an influential woman in the church, as well as in

social life. A model preacher's wife, the people said she was ; and I was impressed, by her knowledge of affairs and evident ability to manage, that Mother Grimes had done a good work for that woman, the minister, and the cause of religion, in working so artfully to win Aurilla to a life of faith in God.

Mrs. Aurilla Jambreze possessed a mind endowed with greater resources than that of her husband. She was a natural poetess, and her prose writings now make five of the most sensible Sunday school books in circulation in Melkina. Her husband did not enjoy very favorable opportunities for schooling in early life, though he received a thorough training in the English branches. He was a rapid thinker and a fluent speaker, but he did not love his books. This last defect weakened him, and led to a practice which was hurtful.

When he attended the great sessions and preacher's meetings, he always carried a good supply of writing paper in his pocket. When he heard a sermon he would write down the text, and divisions, and subdivisions, also the stories and forcible illustrations used by the preacher.



He carried this practice to such an extent that he became expert in catching the main features of a sermon. By this means he accumulated a great many sketches and skeletons. But what was worse than all, he allowed himself to preach from these texts and sketches, and to use the stories and illustrations he had taken down when hearing different men preach. It made him an idle minister. He did not stop to dig out his own plans of sermons, nor to exercise his faculties in illustrating the truths he tried to explain and enforce.

Mrs. Jambreze was a great reader. A book and her baby made her happy. For years she read most of the scientific and theological books that had interested the people, and then gave her husband the contents in verbal homœopathic doses. If he was appointed to write on a particular subject for a preacher's meeting, he invariably asked his wife to read up on the subject, and write the essay; and she would do it. When he preached a sermon before the great session on any special occasion, the earmarks of Mrs. Jambreze's pen were sure to appear. The most eloquent passages in his manuscript were

from the brains and heart of his wife ; and though he enjoyed a good degree of popularity as a preacher, if his wife had never helped him, and he had not been skilled in using notes that he took from the sermons he heard other men preach, we doubt if the Rev. Julian Jambreze would have been known as an able preacher.

Two events sprang from this strange practice, one of which he keenly felt. He was located, in the sixth year of his ministry, in the province of Blonduff. The wise men in the Sorongo ministry had an eye on the young man's defect, and concluded it would do him good to receive some suggestions on his manner of getting his sermons.

He preached before the Rev. Dr. Hale one night, in the school-house, located on the Silent Way. When the benediction was pronounced the two preachers rode to brother Jambreze's house. Brother Hale asked to go to the study. The two men went up, and after a while brother Hale told brother Jambreze that he felt it his duty to tell him that he was practising a great wrong. Brother Jambreze grew pale. His heart fluttered. He did not know but he was to be accused of some great crime.

"What is it?" he said.

Brother Hale proceeded to say, "You used a plan for your sermon to-night that I preached from at the great session in Gilluth, four years ago. Those stories about the bird and the little girl were taken from my sermon; and do you know that you have the reputation among the preachers of being the greatest plagiarist in the session?"

"This is news to me," said brother Jambreze. "I supposed a minister had a right to use all the thoughts and plans he could get hold of, provided he don't copy from books and papers.

"No, indeed," said brother Hale; "suppose I had not heard your sermon to-night, and when I go to that school-house a fortnight from this evening, should take the same text, and preach my old sermon, and use the stories about the bird and little girl. The people would declare that I stole the sermon from you, or that you had stolen it from me, or that we had both stolen it from somebody else. Now, take my advice. Never preach another man's arrangement. Work out your own; and if you have any more of my plans, don't use

one of them, for you may get us both into difficulty, and impair our usefulness."

These were the main features of that conversation. Mrs. Jambreze was told the whole story before Monday morning. True to her instincts, she devised a plan to get her husband out of the trouble, and told him, if he were willing, she would compile a book of "Themes for the Pulpit," and put the best plans of sermons he had gathered into it; "and," said she, "you begin anew, and preach none but your own sermons, and I will help you to get them out."

This was acceptable to her husband, and, as was usual, he yielded to her judgment. The book was prepared, and, unfortunately for the ministry at large, it was published, and by it Mrs. Jambreze became the helpmeet of more preachers than her own husband.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BLANDEENS.

THE records of the church, fifty years ago, teach us that it was a rarity for a clergyman to change his views of theology or church polity, and make it the reason for going into another church to preach the gospel. The people were firmly settled in the grooves of opinion. Creeds were next to the Bible, because they were esteemed to be a part of it ; and it was almost an impossibility to find a minister of so frail grasp upon his peculiar religious views, that he would change his relations from one religious sect to another. But there was one man of the "one hundred" who conscientiously concluded that he was impairing his usefulness by holding to the religious belief of his childhood ; and as he could not fully sympathize with all parts of that belief, he was, therefore, unable to preach it as he

deemed the responsibility resting upon him demanded.

Jerkins Zuland was a member of the Blandeens, a religious people, small in numbers, and whose habits are peculiar to themselves. The men do not shave the hair or beard. "Their dress consists of a long tunic, or coat, reaching down to their heels, with a sash or girdle round the waist, and a cap or hood hanging from the shoulders, like the dress of the Dominican friars. The women have separate habitations and distinct government. The brethren and sisters do not eat or even worship together. They live principally on roots and vegetables, except on particular occasions, when they hold a Love Feast, and the brethren and sisters dine together, and eat mutton, but no other meat. In their colonies, they have, in each of their little cells, a bench fixed to serve the purpose of a bed, and a small block of wood for a pillow. The Blandeens allow of no intercourse between the brethren and sisters, not even by marriage." The brethren wash one another's feet, and eat out of the same dish, at their great religious gatherings. The sisters adopt the same customs.

Jerkins Zuland was the son of parents who differed in their belief concerning the Blandeens. His mother identified herself with them in early life. She fell into their hands as an orphan, and grew up among them. The education she received had much to do with her religious opinions. She had a rich uncle who disliked the Blandeens, and was vexed for years because his niece was among them. He determined to get her out into the world again, if his ingenuity were equal to the emergency. He despatched a messenger for her when she was nineteen years old. She came to his house in Brooksville, and he persuaded her to make an extended visit. In a few days he offered her a home in his family. She did not accept it immediately, but after visiting the colony again, she made up her mind to accept his kind offer ; and, in two years after the first visit to her uncle, she was married to Jonas Zuland, who was a member of the Pontetoo church, and an implacable hater of the religious customs in vogue among the Blandeens. The simple manners and solid common sense of the Blandeen lady, associated with her personal beauty and independence of character, manifested in leaving the society to live

with her uncle so much of the time, won the affections and admiration of Jonas, and led him to offer her his hand in marriage.

Of course, by this act Mrs. Zuland lost cast among the Blandeens. They looked upon her as a heretic ; but she clung to the doctrinal features of her religion, and never abandoned her religious convictions or belief. She no longer observed the outward ceremonies of the church, because, as she looked upon them from her new stand-point, they were unimportant. The atmosphere of the Zuland home was full of religious discussion all through the early life of Jerkins. The Blandeens had made an impression on his mother's character. Her dress, conversation, manners, and housekeeping were all flavored with the peculiarities of this religious order. Her religious belief was as positive as it was in her early life.

Of this cup Jerkins drank. He was one of those religious boys we occasionally find, who seem to have a spiritual life in his soul from birth. He read the Bible and religious books a great deal. He went to the Blandeen and Belduffin meetings, and talked religion incessantly. These were the only two religious societies established



near his home. They were not much alike, save in two particulars. The people in both churches were plain in their dress, and both of them made ministers of their best speakers. Jerkins had his eye on the ministry, and when he fully determined to enter upon it at some future time, he looked more closely at the religious customs of both church organizations; and he finally discovered that his mother was no longer a member of the Blandeen society, and for the reason that she left them to live with her uncle, and afterwards married his father. Jerkins loved liberty. The Belduffins were always preaching free salvation and free will. The sexes mingle in all their religious assemblies, though even here he saw a little distinction, for the gentlemen occupied one side of the house and the ladies the other, in public worship: but, all in all, he believed in the Belduffin freedom, and severed his connection with the Blandeens, after being a member of their society three years, the last of which he was a candidate for the ministry in their connection.

Of course Mrs. Zuland and her husband were charged with this falling away on the part of their son. But this was a mistake. Notwithstanding

the Blandeens disclaim violence, even in cases of self-defence, and suffer themselves to be defrauded and wronged rather than go to law, yet their human nature was not so wholly overcome by grace that it did not utter a protest in their own circles against the loss of this young man.

The truth, in Jerkins Zuland's case was this: He could not indorse the notion that there is a probation after death. The Blandeens deny the eternity of future punishment, and believe that the dead have the gospel preached to them by the Saviour, and that the souls of the just are employed to preach the gospel to those who have had no revelation in this life. This was the rock upon which Jerkins split away from the Blandeens, and chose his new course. He left the faith of his father and mother, and entertained the belief that there is no probation after death. The eternal decree fixes the good so that they cannot change to be evil, and the evil cannot change to be good.

Everybody entertained high hopes that he would make a strong defender of whichever faith he might espouse, because from boyhood he was a close student, and very thorough in his investiga-

tions. As a speaker he was metaphysical and logical, very fluent, and as full of confidence as an eagle is of boldness. His manner in the pulpit was pleasing, and very attractive until he became excited. Then he would make some of the strangest motions with his body it seemed possible for a man to make. He was six feet high, and very slender. His arms were long, with slender hands and bony fingers. His face was always smoothly shaven, and his features cleanly cut. His hair was as black as a raven, and combed back over his head without being parted. He had thin lips and bright eyes, with a Roman nose. His expression was cheery and hopeful, with determination enough, and he would be taken as a man of books and a profession in any company.

It was one of the most fortunate circumstances in his life that Jerkins had his trial in scepticism before he had fully entered on his office. It is said that every metaphysical mind has an experience in scepticism before settling down in peaceful possession of orthodox views of the Scriptures. Jerkins passed this sea of troubles, though he was twenty-two years in doing it. The rank Pontetooism that seasoned his father's conversation at

home, and the sceptical turn his mother gave his mind in early life, were serious obstacles for a young man to encounter in forming his religious opinions. There was one advantage he gained in the effort, and that lay in the social position of the two religious societies in Brooksville. The Blandeens were few in numbers, and never grew to be a large church. They ostracized everybody who differed from them in religious matters. Some of their customs were so singular, that, outside of their own religious circle, in the great world of people, a man felt odd to practise them. An unclipped beard and long hair were unpopular fashions, that could not be popularized. These social distinctions grew more objectionable to Jerkins Zuland as he became better acquainted with human nature. A very small thing determines a great matter in the mind of a thoughtful young man. These small matters, which Mrs. Zuland called non-essentials, had some influence in leading Jerkins to the conclusion we have seen he reached on the future probation theory.

When he made up his mind not to go with the Blandeens, he looked in another direction for a religious home. His religious nature was becom-

ing rapidly developed, under the twofold conviction that he must be a Christian and a minister. So he applied to the Belduffins, and was admitted to membership in the church, and finally entered their ministry.

His early record was of a most satisfactory character to his friends, and he did much to direct the early movements of the church.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MARRYING A SCEPTIC.

THE day of rest had not fully dawned upon Rev. Jenkins Zuland when he entered the ministry, for, as he soon discovered, some of his most sacred affairs must be laid bare to his brother ministers. It was a custom among the Belduffin clergy of the early times, that the young men should always consult the senior preacher on the long round, or some other minister, as to the adaptability of the lady he thought of taking as his wife. Brother Zuland had heard of this before he became a Belduffin, but he concluded it was untrue, like a great many other stories he had heard about this people.

But he finally saw his mistake, when he was about to pass from his four years' apprenticeship as a preacher. He became bolder in his attentions to a young lady, who was an old acquaintance at his father's house. It could not be

expected that his friend, Miss Nellie Blanchard, would be much of a Belduffin, when she found her most congenial religious associates among such Pontetoos and Blandeens as Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Zuland. Miss Nellie was a pronounced hater of the Belduffins; but her acquaintance with Mr. Zuland commenced before she anticipated seeing him a Belduffin preacher. The attachment was mutual and of long standing, and both individuals expected it would culminate in marriage. There were two difficulties in the way that led to this result. Miss Nellie must overcome her hatred for the Belduffins, and, as a minister's wife, adopt their customs, endure the reproach heaped upon that people, and mingle in Belduffin society. When teased with these facts, she would say, "O, horrors! I can't endure it!"

Mr. Zuland's trouble was of an equally serious character. He was stationed on Rover Round. One day he called on the Rev. Jacob Stover, his senior preacher; and said he, "I have come to ask your advice about taking to myself a wife."

"Ah!" said the old man; "whom do you propose to marry?"

"Miss Nellie Blanchard," replied brother Zuland.

"I don't know her," said brother Stover; "tell me something about her."

"She is twenty-one years old, and a very intelligent and handsome lady. She moves in good society, has an excellent character, and she has been an acquaintance in my father's family for more than eight years."

"Is she a Christian?" brother Stover asked.

"No, sir; she is not; but I am hoping she will be, before long."

"What church does she attend?" inquired brother Stover.

"Not any," replied brother Zuland.

"Has she any particular religious views?"

"Yes; she is a Pontetoo in sentiment, and talks it freely."

"Bless me! My dear brother, how can you think of marrying a Pontetoo? I would sooner have a thorough worldling. Give me a person without any religious belief rather than a Pontetoo! Don't you know," continued brother Stover, "that our belief, as Belduffins, in regard to marriage, is based upon what Paul says, in 2d Corin-



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thians, vi. 14 : ' Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers ; for what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness' ? "

" I know," brother Zuland replied, " there has been a great deal said about my paying attention to a Pontetoo lady by the Belduffin people ; some declaring I would be ruined if I did not quit it ; others asserting that, if I married Miss Blanchard, I wouldn't preach long among the Belduffins ; but let me tell you, brother Stover, that there is no danger of any lady drawing me away from my work."

" No, no," said brother Stover ; " your intentions are good, I have no doubt ; but if you should marry that lady, your influence as a minister would be impaired. She does not believe as we do, and how could she sympathize with you in your work as a Belduffin minister ? "

" I see," replied brother Zuland, " you think that we would be unequally yoked together ; but I have faith in the Saviour that she will be converted and join our church before two years pass away."

" Do not be deceived, brother Zuland," replied

his senior; "you know brother James Murray. He was a fine young man, full of promise, and everybody enjoyed his preaching. He was determined to marry a young lady who adopted the notion that everybody will get to heaven. She was a Pontetoo. He came and talked with me about it, and I advised him by all means not to become her husband. But he went and married her, and before two years passed away, she had him turned over to the Pontetoos, and to-day he is a clerk in a store in Redford. He gave up the ministry, and a man told me, a few days ago, that he had given up his religion. Now, don't you make a similar mistake. I almost tremble when I think of such a case. This step may be the first that will lead to the ruin of your soul."

"I appreciate the interest you take in me," replied brother Zuland. "But will it not be a breach of good faith for me to reject this lady, after paying her attention for so many years?"

"It looks like that, to be sure; but you can explain your relations to the church, and show her your danger if you fulfil the engagement, and ask her to release you honorably."

"But why should I do this? Is there any law in the church thus binding me?"

"No, no!" replied brother Stover. "It is one of those questions which has formed itself into custom in our church."

This conversation ended here, and brother Zuland pondered the matter for several weeks, and, in the mean time, took counsel of Revs. Albert Hyde and Peter Wallak. They met him with the same views that brother Stover presented, and he was evidently somewhat discouraged at the situation. He was convinced that the marriage, if it took place, would not meet the indorsement of the Belduffin ministers or people. So he wrote Miss Blanchard, asking her to release him from the engagement.

Her reply was a decidedly characteristic treatment of the Belduffin peculiarity; but she stated that if he was disposed to break the engagement he must take the responsibility, and that she would let the report go out that he declined to marry her because she was a Pontetoo.

He read the letter to brother Stover, and asked his advice.

The old man said, "That gives you an opportu-

nity to break the engagement, on condition that you let her say it was because she was a Pontetoo; and that is the truth."

It was several weeks before brother Zuland made up his mind what he would do. He received two letters from home, one from his father, and one from his mother, saying, "Leave the Belduffin ministry before you consent to break that engagement. Be a man, and keep your word." He received a letter from Miss Blanchard's mother, who was a most radical Pontetoo, in which she made all manner of prophecies concerning his future, if he dared to reject her daughter after exciting the expectations of the family and people that they were to be married.

This nerved his soul for the trial, for Miss Nellie's mother had often hinted to him that he would be a lawyer some day, if he married her daughter. He looked upon it as a contest between scepticism and orthodoxy, and finally wrote the fatal letter that broke the engagement, very much to the satisfaction of his ministerial brethren, who knew the situation and the end of it, as was evinced in several congratulatory letters he received from them.

This, however, was not the final disposition of all the difficult features of the case. In nine months from that time it was rumored among the preachers, at the big council and woods meeting, that brother Jerkins Zuland was paying attention to Miss Nettie Hastings, the daughter of the Rev. Cambridge Hastings, and this, too, with a view to an early marriage.

The preachers and Belduffins generally indorsed this movement as earnestly as they discouraged the other one. Preachers are talkative men on these subjects, and it was interesting for the "uninitiated" to hear the case of a brother minister, who was looking towards the married life, discussed in the preachers' tent.

Father Hastings was now Superior Rover; and every Belduffin knows that, in those days, the Superior Rover made the appointments, if the Grand Commander did read them off. So that in the preachers' tent, none but preachers being present, about a dozen talked up brother Zuland's new choice. Brother Darby said it was a godsend that he did not marry Miss Blanchard, for "I preached two years at Brooksville, and know the family. Nellie is a good pianist, and that is all

she knows. Of housekeeping she knows nothing. She is fond of dress, and no lady in that town is her equal in that line."

"What kind of a woman is her mother?" asked brother Gillup.

"She is a clipper, I tell you," replied brother Darby. "It was common gossip in that village, when I lived there, that Mrs. Blanchard declared that her daughter would not be a Belduffin minister's wife very long, if she did marry Jerkins Zuland, and that she was going to have them live with her when they got married, and she would furnish the money to make him a lawyer."

Brother Ingham said, "I pronounce brother Zuland a man of sound judgment in this matter. He is going to secure one of the best Christian ladies in all Shamreef for his wife. Father Hastings is pretty severe on the boys, but I tell you he has a good daughter; and if brother Zuland gets her for his wife, he is a fortunate fellow."

"Yes; and there is another point," said brother Roller. "He will be marrying into court, as she is the Superior Rover's daughter, and Zuland will be taken care of. He will get good appointments."

"Not a bit better appointments," replied brother Ingham, "than he deserves ; for brother Hastings is a man of too much character to show favoritism to a friend, specially a relative."

"Pshaw!" said brother Roller; "I know how these things go. It's 'help me and I'll help you.' Belduffins are not beyond that yet, nor any church, except the one in heaven."

The preachers discussed this case, and everything growing out of it, when they were together and away from the people ; but rumor had it right. Miss Nettie Hastings became the wife of the Rev. Jerkins Zuland in one year from the time he broke his engagement with Miss Blanchard.

But a most peculiar trial followed him for more than fifteen years. Mrs. Blanchard knew that brother Zuland was very much attached to her daughter, during the years that he corresponded with her and called at the house to see her, and when he rejected her, and emphasized that rejection by marrying Miss Hastings in a year from that time, it aroused a spirit of revenge in Mrs. Blanchard's soul, which put on a very novel expression.

Her daughter was a very popular player at organ concerts, and the papers would contain complimentary allusions to her performances, after the entertainments were over. Mrs. Blanchard cut these personals out of the papers, and enclosed one of them in an envelope about three times a year, and sent it to Rev. Jerkins Zuland. She would write him an affectionate letter, in a disguised hand, about twice a year; and every time Miss Nellie had a new picture taken, the mother sent a copy to brother Zuland.

Brother Zuland has these letters, and personals, and photographs all carefully preserved. As we looked upon them and read the letters, our interest in the study of human nature was heightened; for there was no lower or higher purpose manifested in the action of Mrs. Blanchard than to make brother Zuland dissatisfied with his wife, and to keep his affection for Miss Nellie burning.

But in all this she failed of success, for a happier and more contented couple than the Rev. Jerkins and Nettie Zuland it never was our privilege to know.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## A SERF.

THERE is residing in the province of Hallidroy an ordinary-looking man, about thirty-five years old. The expression of his countenance, and the general appearance he makes to your eye, when you first look upon him, are decidedly against the man. If you become acquainted with him, he hardly makes a better impression on your mind than at first, because he is slow in utterance, he hesitates in conversation, and has an impediment in his speech, — almost a stutter, — embarrassing him as well as the person addressed.

He will not, probably, impress you as very intelligent ; he has no power at all in conversation. There is a painful slowness in the movement of his thoughts, as indicated in his utterances ; and yet, if you continue the acquaintance, you will fancy the man, after a while, because he has a reserved force of information, gathered by

experience in high life. He is the son of an aristocratic planter. The tact with which he manages not to tell all he knows upon a topic under discussion is so perfect, that he creates the conviction, among his associates, that he is cautious and exceedingly prudent. He knows how to keep quiet when it will make a deeper impression than spoken words. His belief is, that most people impair their influence, and defeat themselves in life, by talking too much. He has courage enough simply to say yes or no, in conversation where common people would use from three to five minutes to dress around their yes or no. It is another of his peculiarities not to practise deception in social life. When he receives a call from friends, he does not adopt the conventionality of urging them to stay when they start to go. He says, "My friends have the same liberty to go that they have to come. I am always glad to see them; but I cannot afford to insist on an extended call from a friend, and when it is over, and I have shut the door, to say to myself, or my wife, 'I am glad he is gone,' and then take a spirited lecture from the lady of the house for being untruthful."

Olin Rogdog denounced hypocrisy, and shunned

its very appearance, from the earliest stages of his boyhood. He lost caste in society, for he openly told the wrong doings of playmates that were committed in secret. The boys and girls shunned him, and he was left comparatively alone in early life. There was no boy like him in the community for independence of expression and open-hearted honesty. He practised the principle that there is nothing done in secret that shall not be known openly.

He came honestly by his independence, for his mother possessed this characteristic in a marked degree ; but his honesty was not inherited. Both his father and mother blasted their reputation by giving the neighbors light weight and short measure on the farm, and by turning short corners to catch a penny. They indulged in sharp practices, in all kinds of business, to gain wealth, and they acquired a fine plantation, worth forty thousand dollars. It was well located, and the soil was excellent for raising cotton. A drive of one mile, over a hard and level road, brought them to the doctor, the post-office, the depot, the churches, the schools, and the market, with all the other conveniences to be found in a large city. That road

was travelled more than ten thousand times by Olin, to do business and to receive his education. He did not obtain a collegiate training, though he pleaded earnestly with his parents for it. But they had a love for money, and cared more for that than they did for the cultivation of the mind of their only son.

On the plantation there were one hundred and forty black men, women, and children, the property of Olin's parents. Fifteen of the serf children were light-colored. They had been born in the log cabins on that plantation. Olin was fifteen years old when he began to philosophize on the difference in color among the serfs, and he puzzled his mother and embarrassed his father by asking why curly-headed Jim was so much whiter than his black brother Tom. "Are they both niggers?" The last question could be more easily answered than the first, and it was the only one that secured an answer.

The philosophical turn of mind that possessed Olin in his boyhood, led him to look at things by opposites, and his ignorance of the cause of difference in color among the serfs excited his curiosity to pursue the investigation. He had read that

“whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” The preachers used this scripture frequently, as a text, and he noticed that it was invariably illustrated by references to Nature, and the operations of Nature’s laws.

His love for the law of opposites spurred his curiosity to make some new discovery on this question of color. He heard the names of Will Lloyd and Wend Phelps mentioned in the conversation of serf owners, and in the speeches of politicians. The Blonduff Tribune and the Hillabud Journal were criticised and denounced in his hearing, because they opposed serfdom. After attending a political mass meeting in the city of Arnold, during an active political campaign, and hearing Hon. A. H. Stover deliver a speech which excited his thoughts and curiosity more than ever, he walked home, at ten o’clock that night, alone, and went into his chamber, and wrote a letter to Hon. Mr. Horace, asking him to send a few sample copies of the Blonduff Tribune. In a few days the Tribunes came, and, like a hungry boy, he devoured their contents, and was brought under the conviction that there was something wrong in this color question, for it was alluded to twice,

in one copy of the Tribune, as wicked and infamous.

Olin concealed the papers, for he knew his father and mother hated both the editor and his sheet; but he was not satisfied. He sent the subscription price of the paper for six months, and received it regularly. When the time of his subscription expired, he renewed it, and took the paper until a war broke out in Melkina, and for several years divided the country and interrupted the mails.

The training he received for several years, under the Tribune, divorced his sympathies from serfdom, and made him the friend of the serfs. He had a religious experience and a manly heart. When he was twenty years old, like most boys, he thought of getting married. It chanced that he fell in love with one of his father's girls. She had a handsome form. Her face was pretty, and her disposition mild and lovable. There was no mixed blood in her veins. She was as black as the blackest. There was enough of natural intelligence in her mind, and of the lady in embryo in her make-up, to overbalance, in Olin's mind, her dark-colored skin. She won the heart of her

master's son. No other lady on the plantation had moved his heart, and no white lady among the *bon tons*, in the city schools or churches, with all their fashion and wealth, accomplishments and professions, could reach the young man's ideal of a wife. That colored girl was to Olin the queen of queens, in the regions where his eyes had rested and his heart acted.

The parents of Olin were grieved because they could not induce him to enter society. Invitations were extended, and abundant opportunities offered him to associate with young people of refinement, good manners, and education; but he did not relish their society, and from it he turned away.

The father's apprehensions were aroused. On a moonlight evening, as he was taking a stroll, about nine o'clock, down Cherry Lane, that led from his house out to a neighboring plantation, he saw a couple, in the shade of the trees, coming round a bend in the road, at the end of the lane, not ten rods from him. The lady had hold of the gentleman's arm, and leaned upon it very affectionately. The pair were deeply interested in their own conversation. Mr. Rogdog was hor-

ror-stricken to see a colored girl hanging on the arm of his son. When he approached close enough to speak, he found the lady to be his own serf, Juniper Willis. The couple were embarrassed. Miss Juniper would have run, for fear of the "lash;" but Olin said, "Don't run! Let us meet the question here."

The father was enraged when he saw the situation, and ordered Juniper to her cabin, bidding her, with an oath, to run, and threatening her with punishment in the morning. The son was taken home. The mother was made acquainted with the case, and she, with the father, pictured to the son the degradation to which he was dragging the family. The mother cried and sobbed over her boy, and told him she would rather follow his lifeless body to the grave, than to know that he kept company with a nigger wench. "O, my son, promise me that you never will have anything more to do with Juniper. We have been told, frequently, that you were in love with her, but never could believe it. Won't you make me the promise?"

Olin was a very cold-blooded young man, and slow to make a promise. On this matter he was



ready to die for his convictions, for there was a principle involved in his treatment of Juniper, that to him was as dear as life. He believed that of one blood God had made all nations, and that in the sight of God a black man was as valuable as a white one. The Blonduff Tribune and the Bible were the sources he had drawn upon for information, and under their teaching the convictions were rooted and grown in his soul, that a white man could marry a black woman, and by social equality lift the race that had been injured by serfdom to its proper level. Of course this conviction was influenced to some extent by the personal attachment he had for Juniper ; but to it he was true.

He answered his mother, but not as she desired. He said, "I think Juniper will make a beautiful woman. She has a fine mind, and an excellent disposition, and I desire to marry her ; and," said he, "father, if you will give me that girl, I'll take her north, and we'll be married, and never give you any more trouble."

"Olin," said the father, "you are crazy. I'll send you to the insane asylum if you go on in this matter. Do you mean to ruin the name of

Rogdog by such a connection as this? That negress bear my name! be my daughter-in-law! No, by Heavens! Young man, I'll kill the wench and disown you first. She is my property. I'll kill her, as I would a dog, before she shall bear the name of Rogdog by marriage."

This was on Monday night. The following Saturday there was to be an auction sale of slaves in Arnold, on the old auction-block, and on Tuesday "Juniper Willis" was advertised for sale at this auction. A full description of the girl, sixteen years old, was given in the papers, and the arrangements were made for the sale, — all without consulting her parents, or even telling them what was to be done. Mr. Rogdog took Juniper to Arnold, and sold her to a planter, who took her to his home, four hundred miles away, into the eastern part of Hallidroy.

Olin Rogdog had resolved on the ministry. He had promised God that he would be a preacher of righteousness in the Belduffin church. The call had been received and accepted. It was only the outward manifestation that was wanting to complete the arrangement before men. He had fully made up his mind to engage in this sacred

calling when his arrangements were perfected, and the ways of Providence were so adjusted that he could enter in.

His greatest embarrassment was Miss Juniper Willis. The social equality of races, and their equality in redemption and grace, creation and providence, were questions that rested upon his soul with tremendous weight. When Juniper was sold he did not give her up, for as she was led up to the auction-block, while the auctioneer was knocking off another girl, Juniper stopped near Olin, who whispered in her ear, "I'll deliver you."

He secured the address of the planter who bought her, and then went home with a sad and bitter heart. The greatest disappointment he had experienced in life was upon him. His parents noticed his sadness, but thought it would soon die out, and he would be reconciled to circumstances. To effect this they contributed all that their ingenuity could suggest.

Olin had one thousand dollars invested in the savings bank, and had always exhibited a good deal of economy in saving his funds, from childhood. The disposition to put money into the bank was stronger after the sale of Juniper than

ever before, and his parents supposed that this was the refuge for his troubled heart. So they gave him money occasionally, with the understanding that it should be deposited in the bank. He also gained other funds by bargains and sales of cotton, and services rendered his father on the plantation.

When he was twenty-five years old he had twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank. He resolved to travel, ostensibly to gather information concerning business and men. When he left Arnold he visited the eastern part of Hallidroy, and commenced his search for Juniper. The residence of the planter who bought her was very easily ascertained. But he had sold Juniper, eighteen months before, at private sale, to a man who fancied her, in the northern part of the province, two hundred miles away. Olin secured his name, and pursued his journey, until, at last, he found Juniper in a log cabin, among the canebrakes, near the great city of the south.

She left the cabin, and ran to meet Olin as soon as she saw him. The planter, who accompanied the young man, was shocked to see a white man kiss a black girl. It made him mad, and he

cursed them both. But Olin knew southern blood, and said, "What will you take for that lady?"

"Lady! you fool, you!" said the planter; "there are no ladies on this plantation but what live in yonder mansion," pointing to his stately residence. "Take for that slave girl? Two thousand dollars will buy her, and not a cent less!"

"Will that buy her?" said Olin.

"Yes, sir; and nothing less."

As quick as thought Olin took two drafts on a Hallidroy bank from his pocket, for a thousand dollars each, and handed them to the planter, and said, "The lady is mine!"

The planter took them, saying, "Well, you are either crazy or else there is something involved in this case that I don't know anything about!"

Olin replied, "It is a very ordinary case, sir; you may hear from it some day."

The planter was bewildered. The transaction was done so quickly, and the ready money met so great a necessity in the depleted condition of his finances, that it made him glad. But he was slow to part with Juniper. For, true to the ministerial trait in judging human nature, he had detected the force of character the girl possessed,

and admired it. In further conversation with him, Olin discovered that this planter was the Rev. John Pestleweight, a Pontetoo clergyman, and an admirer of Juniper. He was in straitened circumstances, or he never would have offered Juniper for sale at all. But he was caught napping when he did make the offer, for he never dreamed that anybody would give such a price for the girl. He proposed a trade with Olin the next day, and offered him two girls, about the same age, for Juniper.

But, "No, sir!" was the prompt reply. "All your slaves, Mr. Pestleweight, are not worth enough to buy this lady. I have been laying my plans to buy her for the last seven years, and I have now won my victory; and no man will ever buy her again."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## AMALGAMATION.

THE subsequent history of this couple was controlled greatly by civil law. They returned to Arnold, and lived together, in very humble circumstances, for twelve years. The war for the union of the provinces in Melkina had come and gone. Olin's convictions in reference to the equality of races had grown stronger under the influences of the events that transpired during this time. He lived all these years with Juniper, facing the prejudices of society, and contending against its customs. They were the parents of eight children, but they were not married. They thought enough of each other to be wedded, as their life for twelve years together in the same house shows; but the laws of the province of Hallidroy forbade marriage between a white man and a black woman.

They were under the ban of poverty, and could

not move into any of the northern provinces. Olin's father disowned him, and had made his will, leaving all his property to the mother and two sisters, and he was killed, while serving as colonel, in the war to divide Melkina. The mother and sisters were equally severe in their treatment of Olin, and, indeed, most of the white people in the city and country ostracized him.

He became an exile from white society, and associated with colored people, but nobody used the law against him for his strange choice of a companion for life. The Belduffin people recognized Olin as a devoted Christian. His talents inspired the belief that he would make a successful minister; hence the church in Arnold gave him authority to preach the word. The men who did it were not acquainted with his history till after he received his credentials.

The Rev. Dr. Uzzleping made him a call, and asked him if it were true that he had never been married to the lady with whom he was living.

Olin said, "Doctor, it is true we have never been married, because the laws of Hallidroy forbid it, and we have believed that there is a Providence that has joined our hearts."



"Well," said the doctor, "you must be married, or you cannot preach in our church."

"All right," replied Olin; "we can go to Blonduff or Warwick, and be married; and I am willing to do so, if we can keep it quiet, provided I can raise money enough to go."

The doctor replied that he would raise the money. "But you make a mistake, brother Rogdog, to expect to keep it quiet. The people know that you have authority to preach in our church, and they believe that you have never been married. Now, to hold connection with the church as a preacher or as a member, without being married, is dangerous alike for you and the church. You owe it to yourself, and the church is under obligation to God to require it of you."

"I see all that," replied Olin, "and I am willing to be married, and was willing when I brought Juniper from serfdom, twelve years ago. But my trouble is, to let it be known that we are married. Nobody will trouble us now, if we do live together. For many of the leading men, all through Hallidroy, live very much as we do. But if I get married I shall see trouble, for I have been threatened with it often in the past twelve years."

"Very well," replied Dr. Uzzleping; "this is the new question of this southern province. Serfdom is gone, and the colored people are becoming educated. They will rise to higher positions in society and business than they occupied formerly, and social equality is to be the perplexing question in the future, all through this country; and you may as well enter the arena by marrying Juniper Willis. Let it be made public. The Belduffin church south would disown you the day you were married, but the Belduffin church that knows no south, no north, no east, or west, but the world as its parish, will be your friend, and retain your name, as one of its preachers, through all your trials."

The great war in Melkina resulted in the freedom of all the serfs in the land. Peace had come, and it would seem right and just that all the men and women, who had been serfs, should have the privilege of choosing their own partners in marriage, without the barbarous dictation of a province law. But it was not so. The Rev. Olin Rogdog and Juniper Willis made a pilgrimage to Blonduff, and were married on the 4th of July, 1872. It was an act of independence, and their

certificate, signed by Rev. John Harvey, the colored preacher who solemnized the marriage, was to them their household declaration of independence.

After they returned home, Dr. Uzzleping, with his wife and several other white folks of the liberal class, called and congratulated them.

Ten days after the marriage the chief of police in Arnold called, and rapped at the door in the middle of the night. Brother Rogdog inquired from the window what was wanted.

"I want you," the policeman replied.

"What for?" he asked.

"Open the door, and let me in. I am a policeman, and have a warrant to arrest you and your wife, for being married in defiance of the law of Hallidroy, which says that a white man shall not marry a black woman."

Brother Rogdog told his wife, and then went down stairs, and opened the door.

He said to the policeman, "You don't want my wife, too."

"Yes, I do ; you must both go with me."

"It is the middle of the night, and we have nobody to leave with our children. Cannot I

go down to the magistrate and answer for us both?"

"No; she must go too."

He called his wife, and with the policeman they started. On their way down street they had to pass the house of Jim Brown. He was formerly one of Olin's father's serfs, and he owned a house and lot in Arnold. Olin was permitted to call him. In less than ten minutes, Jim responded in person, and was ready to go with them. He went gladly, for Olin was a hero in his estimation.

When they entered the court-room it was redolent with tobacco and rum. There were gathered there about twenty men, a part of whom had been sleeping, and others chatting the hours away until midnight, at which time they thought the colored people of the city would be asleep, and there would not be any danger of an uprising.

The Rev. Olin Rogdog and Juniper, his wife, were arraigned before the court for the crime of living together as husband and wife, and—though not stated in the indictment, yet it was a fact—as the father and mother of eight children.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" the judge asked the loyal couple.

Olin replied, "May it please your honor, we lived together twelve years in this province without being married, and had eight children. I was called to the work of the gospel ministry by God's Spirit, and I dared not refuse. Like Paul, sir, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but the authorities in the church of our God said that I must go into the province of Blonduff, and marry this woman with whom I had lived so many years, and by whom I had so many children; and I obeyed those placed over me in the gospel, and was married in Blonduff, where the law permits a white man to marry a colored woman. I then returned to this province, to preach the gospel of our Lord and his Christ, by the help of the Holy Ghost; but we feel no guilt, sir,—no condemnation of conscience,—for our action."

The judge required five hundred dollars bail for their appearance before him at nine o'clock the next morning. Mr. Jim Brown, the only colored person in the court-room besides Mrs. Rog-dog, stepped forward and signed the bond, and the first scene in the case was ended.

At nine o'clock in the morning the court-room

was crowded with people, for it had been noised abroad that the trial would be conducted by able counsel on the side of the defence.

But the judge said, "The prisoners must each give a five hundred dollar bond for their appearance at the next session of the criminal court. Mr. Jim Brown would have signed for him, but the court would not accept him. Brother Rogdog was not able to furnish the security; hence he and his wife were thrust into jail.

It was not long before the Rev. Dr. Uzzleping and Mr. Spring, a retired lawyer, who went to Hallidroy from Hillabud to speculate in land, signed their bonds, and the second scene closed by brother Rogdog and his wife being permitted to go out of jail.

When the session of the criminal court came, the judge presiding refused to try the case, and the district attorney, who was a nervous, troublesome sort of man in every position he filled, appealed the case to the supreme court of the province.

The high sheriff again put brother Rogdog and his wife in jail, because their bonds did not require them to appear at the supreme court.

At this juncture in the third scene in the case Dr. Uzzleping and Esquire Spring began to fear for their property and lives. They had gone into Hallidroy when political feeling was very bitter, and when the war for the union of the provinces had just closed. There was a band of highway robbers prowling all over the province of Hallidroy by night, seeking revenge for the defeat of the people who loved serfdom; and these two men were notified by letter not to sign any more bonds for that nigger preacher, unless they were willing to pay for it with their lives.

Dr. Uzzleping is a very sagacious man. He obeyed the robbers, as did Esquire Spring; but the doctor called on brother Rogdog's mother, and explained the case to her, and succeeded in arousing her sympathies for her son. She took her horse and carriage, and drove to the sheriff's office, and signed the bond, and brother Rogdog and his wife were permitted to go out of jail the second time.

When the session of the supreme court came, the case was brought up, and a discussion on it ensued between the lawyers, which lasted five hours. The judge decided that the couple should

be remanded to the criminal court for trial. In this the judge reversed the decision of the lower court. Again the sheriff put brother Rogdog and his wife into jail, because his bond did not hold him for the criminal court.

The mother was again appealed to for help, but her affection for her son had been perverted by the pernicious conversation of people who were friendly to the band of robbers, and she positively refused to sign the bond. The Rev. Dr. Uzzleping and Mr. Jim Brown heroically signed their names to the bond, and brother Rogdog and his wife were permitted to go out of jail the third time.

One year had now elapsed since they were arrested. The indictment was recorded against them, and they expected their trial. Preparations were proceeding to make it a test case. The province was weak in its charge, because the parties were married in Blonduff; but the cholera came, and Mrs. Juniper Rogdog was a victim to the scourge.

Her husband, true as the truest, watched over her thirty-six hours. She begged of him to go away with the children; but, "No," he replied;



"Juniper, we have been in perils often, and I am ready, if God wills it, that we should go into eternity together."

"I am going home," she said. "I believe I shall never get well; but tell me one thing, Olin; have you regretted that we were married?"

"No," he replied; "the only regret is, that we were not married when I bought your freedom; but God has forgiven us that. This province was the greater sinner. We have been sinned against more than we have sinned."

"My God is reconciled; yes," said she, "glory to the Saviour's name! My God is reconciled! Olin, will you meet me in the great glory of God on high?"

"Yes! yes!"

Their eyes were bathed in tears, and for a few minutes silence reigned in the room. She broke the stillness with these words: "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest! Glory, glory to the Lamb! I am saved forever!"

These were her last words. She fell into an insensible state, and in three hours she died.

Olin Rogdog was now free from his greatest embarrassment as a minister. He entered the work with unusual earnestness, did his work faithfully, and proved to be a successful preacher of the truth.

## CHAPTER XV.

## PICTURES AND WINDMILLS.

WE have now reached a period in the lives of the "one hundred" when we see them inducted into their office. They passed the trials incident to youth and early manhood with greater success than one would suppose possible, when we remember the dangers that environ a young man on his way to this most sacred calling on earth — a calling in which no man can remain whose character is defective or damaged to an extent that the public eye detects it. A clean record on the part of the minister is required by the church, because one defect here neutralizes personal influence, and robs the truth that is spoken of much of its efficiency and beauty.

Never, in the history of the churches with which these men were associated, was the very appearance of evil more generally condemned, and the moral character of the ministry more closely scru-

tinized ; and never was there a higher type of character displayed in these chief officers of the church, than was seen in the lives of the majority of these men.

The first eight or ten years of a minister's professional life is the most dangerous period, so far as it relates to the formation of good personal habits. A large portion of the "one hundred" passed the first decade without even scorching their garments. A few got into trouble, and were labored with by committees. They improved by the experience, and grew to be better men. Eight of them were arraigned at different times for maladministration of discipline. Some of them were acquitted, and some were found in error.

Many were the trials that some of them endured from the gossips of the places in which they preached. Little pernicious things were said concerning them, and they were usually manufactured, in part or as a whole, by evil disposed people, to annoy the churches, and to detract from the usefulness of their ministers. These bushwhacking attacks became so common, that the ministers could sympathize with one another. The virulent opposition of many people to their

bold, and, at times, daring style of preaching on commons, in barns, school-houses, halls, and kitchens, assumed all manner of forms, but none were more annoying than the attacks made upon personal character when there was no foundation in fact for what was said. This trial often became the topic of conversation when the ministers were gathered in groups, and they learned how to manage it to the death.

The Rev. James McCormick had a mild, quiet disposition, and he became noted for settling difficulties between offending brethren in the churches. His rules for the preachers, when they were slandered, were, if the story about a minister, or any person else, is untrue, the person need only preserve a golden silence while the passion for talking runs the highest among the people, and then, at the opportune moment, in the dead calm that follows, say the word that is necessary to bury the story.

Put your denial, or a comprehensive statement of the truth, that will go like a bullet to its mark; and always do this among your friends, to hold their confidence and sympathy, and for the sake of your character. Never discuss a case of slan-

der with a gossip, for such will misrepresent you in repeating what you have said, and do you a still greater injury.

A great many young men were saved from trouble that an over-zealous disposition would have driven them into in defending themselves, if it had not been for the timely advice of their older and more experienced associates in the ministry. But there are some men upon whom experience and wisdom have but little influence.

The Rev. Hakar Harswig was a coarse, brusque man, whose early advantages for acquiring an education were limited, and his home training was of a very low order. He was a ready talker, but a poor writer. His habits of study were loose, and he never depended greatly on books for his information. He was one of those practical men who catch ideas, texts, and subjects for discourses on the wing, as they move among the people. A short, good-looking, well-dressed man, with independence enough to wear a full beard. The razor touched no part of his face but the upper lip.

After brother Harswig had entered upon his eighth year in the ministerial life, he found himself overwhelmed by debt, and his creditors

pressing him on every hand. His finances were in a depleted condition, and the embarrassment was almost beyond endurance, when three of his brethren in the laity advanced funds, and tided him over the difficult place. How he should raise money to pay these men was a most troublesome question.

After thinking and planning for several months, he decided to go out among the people as an agent, and sell books on commission. He secured a popular work, that was just out, and that was being sold on subscription, and also several oil paintings, that he purchased in the city of Ooing, at an auction, at low prices. His pride led him to believe that if he sold these goods in the town where he preached, or in any place where he was generally known, he would lose prestige among the people. A different plan must be adopted. It was important that he should go into towns several hundred miles away to canvass.

This he did, and Barnup, a town of five thousand inhabitants, was the place in which he commenced his new mission. He went out on Monday, and returned to his home on Saturday. The first week he cleared six dollars; the second he

lost three ; and after canvassing one city and three large towns, he found himself twenty-eight dollars worse off than if he had never touched the book or picture business. The loss came on the pictures. The people would buy if they could get them cheap enough, and rather than hold them over, he sold them under cost. On the books he cleared some money, but his expenses ate up the profits, and left him in debt.

He looked around again for some other enterprise, in which he might engage, and make some money. It was not long until an old acquaintance offered him a patent right on a windmill for a territory in the province of Blonduff. It was a new invention, and as brother Harswig had been a farmer, and knew something about machinery, he concluded that this would bring him a fortune. He argued that it was an agricultural territory that was offered him, and he made up his mind to buy. He had no money to pay down, but gave his note for the whole amount of the right, which was three hundred dollars, payable in one year from date.

Time passed, and he perplexed his mind with different plans upon which to sell out local rights



to individuals. He bought a horse and wagon, and took a partner. Together they gave their note of two hundred dollars, payable in one year, for the team. His partner, with the horse and wagon, went forth to sell windmills, local rights, or both. He canvassed the best farming section of the territory, and returned after an absence of three months, having sold four windmills and two local rights ; but from all the sales he did not get enough money to pay his hotel bills. He took individual notes for the windmills and the local rights. His discouragement was so complete that he wanted to sell out his interest to brother Harswig. His family was upon his hands, and he must earn their bread in some other way ; so he positively refused to make another trip.

Poor brother Harswig was getting in debt deeper by every effort he made to get out, and what to do with the windmill business was a most perplexing problem. He finally succeeded in selling his horse and wagon, but without any advance on the price he paid for them. The notes for the windmills ran six months before they came due. He wrote the parties, at the expiration of the time, but received the most astounding replies.

“The windmills don’t give satisfaction. They are worthless.” “Come and take them away, and we will give you something for your trouble ; but we will never pay our notes and keep them, for they are a cheat.” The farmers who bought the four windmills lived near together, and they had met in consultation, and adopted this line of action.

This was confusion confounded. For more than two months brother Harswig did not know what he should do to extricate himself from these difficulties. One night he went into his study, and thought the matter over. His thoughts ran as follows : “I have a wife and five children. Next spring, six months from this time, I must pay three thousand and five hundred dollars to men who hold my notes, and I cannot tell where the money is coming from. My salary will not pay the expenses of my family for this year. I have impaired my usefulness as a minister, by going off to sell books and pictures, and still more by going into the windmill speculation. The people are suspicious of me, and I am a ruined man.

It was under this weight of discouragement that brother Harswig went to the bureau drawer,

and took out four shirts, and put them with two suits of clothes in his hand trunk, went down to the depot, took the midnight train, and left the place. He had one hundred dollars in his pocket. He stopped in the province of Warwick, ten hundred miles from home, — but, alas! not home to him, any more than the house he left was to his family.

When morning came, the kitchen girl prepared breakfast, and rang the bell. Mrs. Harswig came down, and inquired for her husband, but no one could tell where he was. It was his custom to be up late, and sometimes he did not get in until the family were all in bed. She went to his study, but his travelling trunk was gone, and with it his clothes and part of his linen. In his study table drawer she found this note: —

“MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN: Good by! I have left for parts unknown. The cause is, I am overwhelmed with debt, and cannot endure the disgrace. You shall hear from me, and we will live together again. God bless you.

“Affectionately,

“HAKAR HARSWIG.”

Mrs. Harswig was astounded. If she had found her husband dead in the study, she could not have suffered as keenly as she did under this astounding disclosure; for until the moment she read that note she supposed that her husband's finances were in a good condition.

The church and society were in commotion before twelve o'clock at noon. The business men of the town were struck dumb. Some of his creditors, who were many, became angry. The gossips began to tell all kinds of stories, and the air of that town was surcharged with talk in connection with brother Hagar Harswig. Some were moved by sympathy, and brought money to help the family. A few creditors were ready to forgive debts, and some wealthy men declared that, rather than have the man leave town for that reason, in the way he did, they would have paid all his bills. But no man volunteered to do it, and the condition in which brother Harswig left his finances was the condition in which the wealthy men of his society and that town left them.

His brethren in the ministry tried him by committee, and he was expelled from the church and

ministry, for incurring debts without the probability of paying, and for running away from his work and bringing reproach upon the church.

But there is a silver lining to this cloud. Brother Harswig entered business, and succeeded in making money, and took his family into his own house, and paid every cent of his debts in twelve years from the time he left his church and creditors so abruptly.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## OIL WELLS AND SILVER MINES.

MODERN times have not made so great and radical changes in the private habits of any class of men as ministers. Perhaps I state it too strongly and baldly ; but remember, that the larger part of a minister's life is spent before the public eye. His official work is mostly done in the presence of his people. They have him under their watch-care while he exercises a watchman's care over them. Any change from the regular order of ministerial solemnity, with its white cravat, and countenance seldom guilty of a smile, was quickly noticed by those people who were used to seeing a minister dignified even to pomposity, and so frightfully solemn, and full of religious cant in conversation, that it seemed almost painful to think of being pardoned for sin.

It would be strange if, in the lives of a hundred ministers, a part of whom lived a half century ago,

and a part of whom live in these times, we should not perceive strong contrasts. It is to be expected that, as the creeds and theologies change, so the men who preach them will adopt new customs in their individual lives, specially since this is an independent age, and every man adopts his own declaration of independence.

I was not at all surprised at Hagar Harswig's course in business; for his experience is not all the truth about ministers' turning aside from the pulpit and pastorate, to make money by speculating, and invest money in manufacturing, in railroads, and in the bonds of the provinces. Besides, a few of the modern portion of the "one hundred" gave up preaching entirely, to engage in business, that they might accumulate wealth.

Perhaps one of the temptations to seek a fortune was found in good salaries. Some of them were economical men, and saved money for a few years, when at the height of their prosperity. If they wanted to speculate or commence business, they had the capital in their savings to make the trial.

The Rev. Jammie Vose went to the province of Warwick, in the west, and took with him fifteen

hundred dollars. He invested it in land at the capital of the province, and when he was still preaching, twenty-five years after he made the investment, he sold half of his land for twenty thousand dollars, and refused thirty thousand for the other half. It was a very comfortable fortune for a man to enjoy, after he had preached forty years and found that he was getting old and must retire from the ministry, and support himself. Nobody objected to this business arrangement, because it was natural. It did not consume the time of brother Vose which belonged to his people. His land grew in value every year, by virtue of the improvements made around it by other men, and he reaped the abundant harvest.

To be sure, some people thought it was wicked for a minister to be worth fifty thousand dollars : that was the only objection urged against his enterprise ; but it was not heard until he made the sale, and by it made the stir in the mind of the people.

The success of one man in money-making kindles a desire in other men for the same thing. The ministers of these times were better acquainted with the private affairs of one another than



were the people in general. Hence a success like that which brother Vose had achieved became a signal for a rush among the clergy to make money. He was not deposed from office for the investment, or its final issue. On the contrary he was honored by the Belduffins with distinctions which indicated their appreciation of his business qualifications. Some of the unwise young preachers supposed that his moneyed character became a stepping-stone to places of power in the church. This was a mistake, and it led some men into errors which damaged them in character and reputation.

When the report of brother Vose's wealth was noised abroad, there were new and untried opportunities, presented to the people in abundance, for the investment of funds, with a good prospect of success. Land speculations in Warwick, the silver mines in the province of Oppeer, and the oil wells in Blonduff, were all advertised. Companies were formed, and choice opportunities for realizing great fortunes were presented. I am not making an extravagant statement when I say that forty of the "one hundred" ministers had one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars invested in these

projects for speculation. A large proportion of this amount was in the oil wells in Blonduff and silver mines of Oppeer.

Just mention oil stocks to the Revs. Mr. Wallack, Murphy, Jonkins, Ockdough, Maze, and several others,—men who are honored and loved for their work's sake,—and see the sadness of their countenance. It means this: they each invested from two hundred to five hundred—nay, from one thousand to two thousand, and even five thousand—dollars in oil stocks, when the war raged in Melkina. They were afraid to give it to their country, lest the union of the provinces should be dissolved, and they would lose it all. The oil wells enticed them, and they almost invariably bought, investing all the funds which they had saved from their small salaries by the strictest economy.

Brother Murphy told me that he invested two thousand dollars, all the money he had in the world. He was an old man when he did it. His voice was broken, so that he was unable to preach. His wife was sick, and four of his eight children were dependent on him for support. The well he bought stock in was running at the rate of

two hundred barrels of oil per day, and everything looked so encouraging that the old man regarded it as a providence to have secured enough of means to hand him down to the grave with plenty of earthly goods to make him comfortable.

It was two weeks after he invested his money, that another man bought a privilege to bore for oil just four hundred yards from his well, and in one month the man struck oil, started his pump, and his well began to flow. It cut off the stream that supplied the well in which brother Murphy invested. It was dried up, and he was left peniless.

The agent who secured brother Murphy's subscription to the well was the Rev. John Wines. He knew the habits of ministers in money matters, and he adopted the policy, as an agent, of working among them and church-going people especially, to secure subscriptions to bore new wells and to keep old ones running.

But of the fifteen clergymen who invested in oil stocks through this man, only three of them made fortunes. All the rest lost money by the failure of the wells; and only one of the three proved successful in the work of the ministry after

they gained their wealth. That was the Rev. James McCormick. He was a very benevolent man, and gave large contributions to endow colleges and asylums of various kinds, for the unfortunate. Rev. John Wines succeeded in accumulating a fortune, according to report, of seventy thousand dollars ; but it gave him but little satisfaction, because he was compelled to withdraw from the active ministry. It was proved that he was dishonest in his representations concerning some of the wells, and that he deceived his brethren by being in league with men who bought well privileges near their wells, and cut off their supply of oil.

The third man was Orvel Jones, who was untrue to one of the most beautiful women in Blonduff. She was his wife. He was imprisoned for his crime until his trial, and then he lost his money by paying the lawyers big fees, and went out of the ministry disgraced and covered with shame.

The men who lost their money by the failure of the wells had the sympathy of a large portion of the people they served. While they preserved their ministerial integrity, there was a prevailing impression among church-going people, that it

would have been greatly to the credit of all parties if the ministers had put their money in a less conspicuous place to earn a livelihood, or a fortune, as each of the owners fondly hoped.

The silver mining speculation had more of a religious character than the oil well enterprise. When ministers engage in business, they try, in one way or another, to connect religion with their money-making, as though their conscience was not at ease, and lest the public mind might be uneasy about them because of their worldliness.

The Belduffins in Oppeer wanted to build a new church that would be worthy of the denomination. The plans provided that it should be two stories high, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and seventy wide, with a spire one hundred and fifty feet high. The ceiling and walls were to be frescoed, the glass stained, and the wood-work finished in chestnut, with black walnut trimmings, the cushions filled with sponge and covered with damask ; and the carpets were to be bought for one dollar and fifty cents a yard in Hillabud, several thousand miles towards the east.

When all these arrangements were completed, the Belduffins found that the whole expense would

be about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. It was a discouraging outlook, because they failed to raise more than fifteen thousand dollars in the society, and a plainer or more unpretending edifice than they had planned for would not meet the demands of their situation. It was at this time that their pastor, Carroll Orpheus, whose name appears in the first chapter, devised a way to raise the funds to build the church. He had a friend who owned eight hundred thousand dollars worth of silver mines in Oppeer, and many people believed that there were some rich mines of gold running through them. This was owing, no doubt, to the fact that there were numerous gold mines in the province.

Brother Orpheus and his friend agreed upon this arrangement. If brother Orpheus would make a pilgrimage to Eureka, Shamreef, and Hil-labud, and sell the shares that those silver mines were divided into, his society could have enough of the profit from the sales to pay for their new church. It was looked upon, by business men in Oppeer, as a very liberal offer. The society and their pastor were charmed with the proposition,

and arrangements were made for brother Orpheus to be absent from home one year.

He started on his enterprise when the society commenced building the church. Both projects were put in motion at the same time. The first place in which brother Orpheus commenced his sales was in Hillabud, and the first sale of stocks was to the Rev. Barney Hastings. He was a modern type of man, and at that time was filling the office, among the Belduffins, of Superior Rover. His duties called him into different towns and societies, and he usually lodged with the Belduffin ministers wherever he went.

After brother Hastings bought two thousand dollars worth of stock in the silver mines, he advertised it among the preachers. They thought it a capital investment, and those who had spare money invariably invested. Some of them sold their government bonds to do it. Others took their precious all from the savings bank. The excitement ran high among the clergy and moneyed men in the Belduffin societies. It spread among the Sorongos, until three of their ministers and some eighteen of the Belduffins had

invested their money in the silver mines of Oppeer.

Matters moved on hopefully for some two years, when the good brethren, who had been dreaming of the silvery fortunes they would enjoy in the declining years of their lives, had their dreams broken by a demand from the authorities of Oppeer for taxes on their stocks. They were used to receiving interest on their investments heretofore, but now fortune was coming in another way, and of a new kind. Some of them paid their taxes promptly; others were slow about it, and a good deal discouraged at that. By and by an increase of taxes was noticed, and each year brought the familiar bills.

Rumors were current that the church was built and nearly paid for, and brother Orpheus had sold most of the stock. But the silver mines were a failure, a veritable humbug. There was not enough silver or gold in them to pay for the working. It would cost the heaviest stockholder among the clergy nearly half what he invested to visit Oppeer to investigate matters. The tax bills were left unpaid, and the enterprise was regarded, by common consent, as a failure.



The twenty-one men lost over forty-five thousand dollars. It excited a good deal of prejudice against brother Orpheus. He was criticised severely for his management, and especially for his flattering representations of the mines. Had it not been so far to his home, he, like Mr. Wines, would doubtless have suffered a trial, and probably expulsion from the ministry, for misrepresenting the case. The ministers who invested their money were bewildered with the notion that they could be successful speculators and preachers at the same time. But for this delusion, they would have had a few hundred or thousand dollars each, to make them comfortable when their energies were gone, and they could no longer do active work.

The example was not lost. Other preachers in Melkina looked on to see the issue, and when it came, in the form of failure and disappointment, they learned to fear these doubtful undertakings.

The Rev. Jerkins Zuland refused to invest in the silver mines, and stated as his reason, "I will not put my money where I cannot see its workings"—a wise rule, and worth enough to be

adopted in the ministry and out of it ; but more especially is it valuable in a minister's life, for by it he will be likely to avoid violating the proprieties of his office, by speculating under the eyes of the people he serves.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## TRADING HORSES AND FISHING.

A MAJORITY of the church-going people who knew the more modern portion of the "one hundred," deemed the ministerial office so sacred that the person occupying it should not indulge in any employment or recreation which was not strictly religious. To offer prayer at a horse-race, or at a Masonic festival where there was to be dancing, was positively unministerial. To be a Free Mason was to be in league with sin, and several ministers of piety and popular gifts in the pulpit, who were always useful and successful when serving a church, were turned away from some societies because they chose to be connected with the Masonic fraternity.

It was not objectionable to the people if their minister could cultivate a garden, or saw wood, or work a farm. Indeed, these were qualifications very much in his favor. But a minister who loved

a blooded horse because of his speed, or took delight in roaming the woods with a gun and dog for game, or engaged in sounding the waters with a hook and line for fish, was considered out of his place, and deserving of censure.

It seldom occurred to the people that the kind of pleasant employment dear to the boy would be dear to him when he became a man. The boys were educated to handle horses on the farm, in the team, and before the buggy. They rode on horseback. Some of them assisted in raising blooded stock. They broke colts to the saddle and harness, to the plough and the buggy. They took them to fairs, and trained them to trot on the race-course. They studied the history of horses, and knew the fast bloods ; and some of them were experts in their judgment of horses, as well as in training them for the course. They became attached to them as they did not to any other animal. Their calling as preachers required the assistance of the horse to visit their people in their country homes and distant villages. Without him they could not meet their appointments. Early associations created an affection in their

boyhood for horses, and it proved a dangerous fire to be burning in some ministers' souls.

Brother Orlando Biddle was one of the best judges of a horse I ever met in the ministerial office; indeed, I may say, out of it. Business men, manufacturers and traders, doctors and lawyers, had such confidence in his judgment, that they frequently went to him for counsel when they were about to purchase a horse. He could tell a perfect animal the moment he saw his eyes, form, and step when trotting. He possessed such perfect knowledge of the frame of a horse that he could name every joint and part of his body. He knew the diseases common to horses, and how to treat them, as well as he knew sin and its remedy.

It was profitable to him pecuniarily, because he bought and sold horses to good advantage. He never was deceived but once. That time he could not see the defect until several days after he made the trade. He owned a beautiful, clean-limbed, chestnut-sorrel, that could rack under the saddle, and trot finely in harness. He won the premium at three province fairs, and several times brother Biddle had been offered a handsome price

for him. But he refused every offer until a man came along with a fine-looking bay horse, drawing a gig. This animal could trot a mile in two minutes and fifty-five seconds, and had every appearance of a racer—a long neck and intelligent head, with a bright, fiery eye. His legs were clean and slender, his body light for a horse of his size, and on the scales he weighed nine hundred and twenty-five pounds. Brother Biddle's eye was charmed by the movements of the horse, when the man drove up to his house, and he became excited in less than three minutes after the horse stopped. If he had been in a love council he could not have experienced more excitement in so short a time.

The man had seen brother Biddle's horse, and was ready to trade. They took their steeds out on a country road, back of the village, and tried them. Brother Biddle became more and more enamoured with the new horse. At the close of the racing, they traded horses, as brother Biddle offered, even up. The man went his way, and the third day after the trade brother Biddle found that his horse had the heaves and a cough. It proved to be a permanent trouble of long stand-

ing, and he was over three hundred dollars poorer by the trade.

This did not consume the profits he had gathered on former sales and trades, for he had two thousand dollars, made by this business in connection with his ministry. I am told that during a pastorate of two years in Shamreef, he traded and sold horses sixteen times. He earned his reputation fairly as a horse-jockey, in every sense of the term. The "horse-jockey preacher" was a title used by the people in speaking of him, more frequently than "Reverend."

He lost his reputation as a minister, and the societies preferred any man that preached among the Belduffins in Shamreef before brother Biddle. He was a talented man, and spoke eloquently with both pen and tongue. His gifts were of the pleasing order, — a man of pleasant social address, — and as a pastor he was universally beloved in the bright days of his ministerial life. Frequent revivals, marked by wonderful displays of divine grace, attended his labors. But he thought too much of horses, and was unfortunate enough to resort to doubtful expedients in making sales and trades. By this mistake he blasted the

most fondly cherished hopes of his early life concerning his success in the ministry, and was left a "failure" in society, without a place to preach the word, while men who started with him, and who loved horses just as well, were more successful, because they were more prudent in their attachment to the horses, and did not indulge in speculations.

I cannot continue my statements of facts in this particular direction, but I will now say something about ministerial fishing.

The boys love a rod, line, and hook, to saunter along a brook where the trout live, or by a river where cat-fish, bass, trout, and eels are to be caught; or, what is more lively still, to go out upon the ocean in a scull, or dory, or yacht, and hook up monstrous halibut and cod-fish, and for an occasional variation catch a blue-fish or a sculpin. I have known boys to spend all their vacation days, during the term of school, with the rod and line, trying to hook up their favorite fish. The habit grows with wonderful rapidity, and the love for it becomes like a fire shut up in their bones.

Several of the ministers were wedded to this



practice in early life. They went fishing in their boyhood, and in their manhood the delights of the hook were not forgotten. It was the boyish love that burned in the preacher's soul. The minister, at his books and sermons, — which are a substitute for the studies of boyhood, — feels, once in a while, like strolling by the side of a cooling stream, and angling for some of the swimming multitude.

There was a large, handsome trout, in Finny Brook, in Shamreef, that had often been seen by fishermen. His life had been plotted against and sought after on many occasions, but he escaped the fatal hook, and swam to and fro, at his daily play and toil, for many months, defying the rod and line bearing an enticing hook. He was as familiar a sight in these waters as the tax collector or policeman on the street corner of his town or city. Finally, Jerkins Zuland happened to be strolling along the brook, when on his summer vacation, and the visitors from Hillabud and Blonduff, with whom he was acquainted, told him about the wise trout. Brother Zuland accepted the banter, and started for the wily fish. When he came within five rods of the stream, he got down

on his hands and knees, and crawled over the fresh ploughed ground, to the edge of the brook. He then lay flat down, and lightly dropped his hook, baited with a choice fly, into the water. He felt the old familiar jerk; again he felt it, and he pulled, and brought the spotted trout of so great fame to dry land. The visitors looked on to see the failure, but now they ran, hallooed, and cheered the victor to the echo.

An old deacon in the Sorongo church in Blonduff, who was a dry goods merchant, was heard to say frequently, "The man who goes fishing a great deal, along the brooks and rivers, isn't worth much for anything else." Perhaps he was educated to this belief by the example of his pastor, the Rev. Frank Oddleberg. He was the chief fisherman, with a hook and line, among our group.

He cared nothing for a horse or a gun, but he was delighted to go "gigging." In Blonduff it is common, in the spring and fall of the year, for men who love fishing to form a company of from six to twelve men, and to take several pine torches or lamps, fastened to as many poles, and with a piece of iron, bearing short, sharp tines fastened

to a long handle, they start for the brook or river. Every man goes into the water in the darkness of the night, two or three men bearing the torches or lamps, while each of the others carries an iron "gig." They wade up and down the stream, watching for horned pout, suckers, and eels. When they see a fish, enticed from his resting-place by the light, one man strikes him with his gig in the head, or in some part of the body, and tosses him to the man who carries the basket. Sometimes the fish run in schools. In order to strike them the giggers get huddled together. Then there is lively work. I once saw six men striking into the same school of eels, covering a space of water five yards square. They lifted up the squirming creatures, from one to three feet long, and knocked one another's hats off, scrambling to get them into the basket. Two men stumbled over stones that were lying deep in the water, and fell their whole length, with a splash. The company then greeted them with a roar of laughter.

It is a very successful way of catching fish, and if indulged in once or twice a year, would not be objectionable. But brother Oddleberg enjoyed

the sport so much, that I believe, if he could have induced men to go with him, he would have been out three nights in a week. As it was, he got up a company, and went about once in ten days, for three months in the fall and three in the spring. One unfortunate part of these nightly excursions was, some of the men took their flasks of brandy with them, and the reputation of the whole party suffered in consequence.

Besides this, brother Oddleberg set out lines during the spring and fall, which required small fish to bait the hooks. These he would fish for in the afternoons, then cut them up and bait his hooks, and throw his long line, with a hundred baited hooks, into the river. A stone at each end of the line held it in place. He would set these lines in the evening, and lift them in the morning. Very often he was late at his Wednesday evening lecture, and frequently he failed to get there at all, because he was out fishing for bait and setting his lines.

Brother Oddleberg was as much of an enthusiast in fishing as brother Biddle was in horsemanship, and his habit grew so rapidly and rank, that he impressed the public mind with the conviction

that he cared more for catching fish than he did for winning men to love the truth.

It was this simple habit that caused his church of three hundred members to ask him to resign his pastorate. A small minority, who were his warm friends, opposed the action of the majority. Among them were a few of the most influential members of the church. He remained in charge of the society a year after he was asked to resign, but the majority withdrew from him their financial support, and the minority were obliged to bear the burden.

When he did leave, and went to Hillabud, the minority refused to support his successor, and for ten years the society was a scene of discord, bickerings, and backbiting. A spiritual dearth, like a moral desolation, was the heritage of the people.

The moderate practice of fishing and training horses by ministers was not objectionable to the thoughtful and intelligent people of the churches in Melkina. The largest liberty was given by the masses of church-going people, in these diversions from study; but the people felt that the very liberty they granted was abused, and they were outraged by the extravagances of the Reverends Orlando Biddle and Frank Oddleberg.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## FREELOVEISM.

IMAGINE a short, broad-shouldered man, with red hair and side whiskers, a freckled face and haggard look, the son of a Sorongo minister, a graduate of St. John's College, and well fitted, when twenty-eight years old, for his chosen work of preaching, if we make a single exception. He had a very unpopular belief on the subject of Christian perfection. This is brother Snelly Dobbins, who finished his education and returned to his father's house, at the Rip Raps, in Eureka, a beautiful village of four hundred inhabitants, nestled at the base of three great mountains.

The people were of the average New England type, well educated, and doing well financially in manufacturing and farming. It was a Christian community. The families frequently numbered ten and twelve, and even eighteen children.

Brother Snelly Dobbins had five sisters, but no

brothers. Before he left the Rip Raps the last time, a great many good people said it would have been better for the town if he had never been born. Others said, what a blessing he would be if he had as quiet and peaceful a spirit as had his sisters.

There were two churches in the village — a Belduffin and a Sorongo. Each society was large for the size of the town, with a good church property, and exerting a wide Christian influence in the community. In the year 1846, a revival of religion was enjoyed in the Belduffin church, which also spread into the Sorongo society. Religious meetings were held every afternoon and evening for six weeks. The excitement ran so high that everybody in the community talked religion or about it. The shops and stores owned by Christian men were closed at meeting hours on week days, the same as on Sundays. A hundred persons professed to be converted. They were of all ages, and from the wealthiest and most aristocratic, as well as the poorest and humblest families. The Rip Raps never did before, nor has it since, experienced such an outpouring of divine grace and power. It changed the character of the people

in their families and their habits of trade. The whole complexion of society became new, because the people had received life more abundantly.

The phase of Christian experience which appeared most prominently in the closing meetings of this wonderful revival, was "Christian perfection." The ministers preached it, and the people talked, prayed, and sang it. Their chief view, as stated in the early stages of the movement by brother Dobbins, was, "We are kept from committing any known sin by the help of the Spirit." This was regarded by all Christian people as the correct statement of the doctrine. Some of the members of the Belduffin church testified, in the meetings, that they were saved from inbred sin, and that this was a work wrought in them by the Spirit, in addition to the change of heart they experienced as a result of repentance. Others spoke of having grown, day by day, to a state of experience where they were conscious that the Spirit kept them from committing any known sin. The people in both societies harmonized in their views, and the work of grace was progressing finely until brother Dobbins loomed up as a most enthusiastic Christian.



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He vibrated between the two societies all through their extra meetings. At one time he would be found in the Sorongo, at another in the Belduffin meetings, speaking, praying, and shouting. Christian perfection was his favorite topic. He preached in both churches all together five sermons, and every one of them was on this theme. Nobody could tell where he would finally settle down as a preacher. The Belduffins claimed him because he preached so much on perfection. The Sorongos believed he would not forsake the way in which his own father had walked for so many years.

But certainly the Belduffins had reason to believe that he would unite with them, for he withdrew his membership from the Sorongo church, and attended their meetings regularly. This he said he was forced to do that he might live a Christian life. The strictures placed upon him by two of the deacons and several aged sisters in the Sorongo church for advocating perfection in this life, were annoying to him, and he stepped over into the Belduffin society, where he could enjoy this experience and advocate it without opposition.

Brother Dobbins was greatly perplexed in making this choice, for he came from an aristocratic family and church; and before the revival he was tinged with a sense of his lofty connections, and his collegiate education fostered the already growing pride. To select the Belduffin people for his companions, with their plain dress, with poverty and persecutions, to be without reputation among men, was a humiliating choice. His father read the Bible to him, and exhorted him, and threatened to banish him from his house forever, if he made the Belduffin church his religious home. Parties were cunningly arranged, and he invited, to keep him from the Belduffin meetings. Journeys were proposed; additional schooling offered; visits to relatives were kindly suggested; good fields of labor in other towns among the Sorongos were open for him; but all to no purpose. Finally, money was offered him. His father was wealthy, and the whole estate, except two hundred dollars for each sister, and a living for the parents, was the price he was to receive if he would give up his connection with the Belduffins, and settle down among the Sorongos.

It was under these influences that brother Dobbins made another choice. The artfulness of his father and the Sorongo brethren was successful in arousing to a degree the old prejudices in the young man against the Belduffins, but several months passed before he gave up the meetings, and changed his course. In addition to his father's influence, a new trouble arose to disturb brother Dobbins' religious experience.

The Belduffins believed in the perfection of love, but taught that men could not be perfect in knowledge, or judgment, or practice. Brother Dobbins was enthusiastic in teaching his views of this experience, and his zeal led him beyond the standard of the Belduffin people. He adopted, as a part of his creed, some extravagant views ; among others these : The Spirit leads me to do everything. He tells me what meeting to attend, when to speak, and when to pray, when to keep silent, and what work to do each day. He tells me what kind of feed to give my horse, and how often to feed him. He tells me, in buying a cow, what I should pay. He tells me who are Christians, and who enjoys this perfection, and also who are hypocrites. I am led by the Spirit in

going to bed at night, and in getting up in the morning.

A sister in his church said to him, "I believe 'holiness' should be upon the bells of the horses. I was so powerfully impressed by the Holy Spirit that this should be so, that I went out to the barn, and with my pencil wrote 'holiness' upon every bell that our horses wear."

"Good! good!" said brother Dobbins; "we will compel all the people to accept holiness, and even the horses shall wear the sign."

He said the Spirit had a mesmeric influence over the soul, and every one that was mesmerized by the Spirit was dead to the world and alive to God. He taught that Christ worked his miracles by mesmerizing the people around him, and that turning the water into wine was only in the idea of the people, and that it was produced by mesmerism. He declared that whatever he did, Christ did through him. When brother Dobbins got so far along as this, he tried to work miracles, and published that he could heal the sick. He was brought to the test on this point by being called to the bedside of one of his followers—a lady far gone in consumption. He prayed for

her, and commanded her, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk!" But she did not do it. He tried it again. But still she was unable to rise. He ended the effort by charging the failure on the unbelief of the sick woman and that of her friends around her.

The peculiar views of this man were now spreading through the town. The recent revival left a great many minds mellow, and some of his opinions were received by these with favor. He hired a hall, and appointed meetings for prayer and preaching on the Sabbath. The curious and the serious met to hear what he had to say. He commenced his public service by teaching his notions of perfection in their most radical form. A society of twenty-three members was formed in three weeks from the time he opened the hall, and this number was soon increased to fifty. Every expedient was adopted to make converts. His adherents resorted to every expedient, that they might win a member of either church to their ranks; and with many people they prevailed.

When at this juncture in the movement, brother Dobbins had paid attention to a young lady of a fine Sorongo family for six months. She reciprocated

cated his affection. But presently it was discovered that when he got her to accept his views of perfection, he ceased to pay her special attention, and selected another young lady. Young lady number one became enamored with the new society. She would go through mud and dust, rain and snow, heat and cold, to attend their meetings. Her parents treated her kindly, but their hearts were sad and heavy, lest their daughter should embrace the dreams of brother Dobbins as her religion. They hit upon this plan to save her. They wrote a friend up in Shamreef to come and make them a visit, and when she would leave, to take their daughter off to some unknown place. She accepted the invitation, and came. It was on a dark and stormy night that a close carriage was provided, and the young lady, her brother, and this friend were driven off. Where they had gone no one would tell. The young lady was in ignorance as to her destination, and when the journey of two days and a half was ended, she knew where she was, but that was all. No railroad came nearer than fifty miles, and the nearest post office was ten miles away.

The perfectionists tried every way possible to

find out where she had gone, but it was all a profound mystery. Finally the society made a handsome dress, and took it to the young lady's mother, and told her that it was a present to her daughter from her friends, and desired her to send it to her.

The mother took it, and immediately used her scissors in cutting it up; and in the bosom of the dress, between the lining and waist, she found this letter.

“RIP RAPS, EUREKA, March 6, 1846.

“DEAR HARRIET: This dress is a present from your friends, who are living without sin in this wicked world. It was made with holy hands, and is a holy garment, suited for one so perfect as yourself to wear. Tell us, dear sister, where you are. We think it is cruel that you should be sent away, as we believe you have been. But we feel that you are safe. For once in the state of perfection you reached, you can never fall, and we know you will never die, for the perfect live on. Our meetings are glorious, and our numbers are increasing. Our dear brother Dobbins is doing well for the society. His own father and mother joined us last Sunday. The Belduffin and Soron-

go churches are all broken up, and ours will soon be the strongest society in town. The Lord is with us. Write as soon as you get this letter. Brother Dobbins sends his love.

“Yours, affectionately, for the society,  
“MAUD PINKNEY.”

This experiment failed, through the sagacity of the young lady's mother, and she rescued her out of the hands of the perfectionists.

Brother Snelly Dobbins performed all the offices of a minister, and he claimed to be a minister, as much as any other clergyman in town. His people discarded the ordinances of baptism, the Lord's Supper, and ordination. They did not recognize any government but that of their own society. They were a law unto themselves. “To the pure all things are pure,” was the society motto. This gave them so great liberty that they could do all kinds of work on Sunday. The women dressed in bloomer style, and went out into the fields, and worked with the men. Brother Dobbins tried once to raise a house on Sunday, but failed because he could not get help enough. In all these practices they gloried, and held that



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they lived above the world. One of the chief members of the society said, "My wife is every man's wife, and every man's wife is my wife," and he was encouraged by the society to hold to this divine revelation. They put their property together, and held all things common. The families lived together, and ate at the same table. In their religious meetings they had no singing or praying. Brother Dobbins would say, "If any are afflicted, let them pray. If any are merry, let them sing psalms." The exercises in their meetings were sewing or playing with the children, social conversation on politics, business, or religion, and at the close of each service all the brethren and sisters would join in a dance. They professed to live in a holy state, and nothing could stain their pure souls.

The introduction of these peculiar religious views by one man, and their acceptance by an organization of men and women, at the Rip Raps, alarmed the religious people all through the province of Eureka. The people who remained in the Sorongo and Belduffin churches became very bitter in their opposition to the new organization. A religious war was opened in the Rip Raps, which

enlisted the writers for religious and political papers in all parts of the province. Their articles were, for the most part, exposures of the loose views held by the new society on the observance of the Sabbath, the marriage contract, and the ordinances of God's house. They were especially severe on the theory that "my wife is every man's wife, and every man's wife is my wife." A Belduffin minister wrote a book, which he named "Dobbinism Unveiled." It was true to its title. Through it the curtain was lifted, and the people set themselves to create a public opinion which would compel a reform, or a removal from the province.

It was not in vain that the agitation was continued, for by it the society became alarmed, and the people clamored for relief from the stinging criticisms made upon them. It was about four years after the organization of the society, that brother Dobbins selected a piece of land in Onyda, in the province of Blonduff, as the future home of himself and his people.

When the preparations were completed, the society moved. Husbands, and wives, and children went in one company, as one large family.

Brother Dobbins was the prophet and savior of this people. They followed him gladly, and none were found to complain. They settled on the tract of land that was provided for them. It was to them the land of promise. When they took possession of it, their sole aim was to illustrate in their community the religion of socialism. There is a God, but his religion is socialism. There are various duties mankind must perform, but they are summed up in socialism. This was the name they used to speak of their religion and colonial life, after they were settled. Eureka was freed from what Christian people called a plague. It was a day of jubilee rejoicing at the Rip Raps when the colony departed. The little bells on the Sorongo and Belduffin churches rang out anthems of victory, while some boys made the bell of less pretensions on the school-house do its duty in swelling the sound. One of the best articles found in the papers, written on the departure of the colony, was headed, "Eureka is blessed, Blonduff is cursed."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## SEPARATION.

SOME men have a keener scent for skepticism than others. They smell the battle afar. This is true of some churches, and it was especially true of the Belduffins forty years ago. The doctrinal views held by the Pontetoos, Predestinarians, and Free-thinkers, were counted sufficient reasons for frequent pulpit controversies by the ministers. The interpretations placed upon the doctrines of the Bible excited both young and old among church-going people. It was the style of preaching in vogue among ministers of all religious denominations, and it was necessary. For doctrinal works were not published in cheap form then, as they are to-day. Hence the people did not purchase or read them, but depended on the preaching for their doctrinal education.

The preachers tried to magnify this part of their office. But it had its dangers even for

them ; because investigating the truths of Scripture, and examining the erroneous theories of skeptical teachers, to overthrow them, expose a man to the danger of being overthrown himself.

One of the saddest exhibitions of this truth is found in the life of the Rev. Oliver Barndollar, a name that is mentioned in the fifth chapter. He developed rapidly in mind and heart, from the time he commenced his ministerial course. He was possessed of a large, noble heart, and was favored with a well-built, closely-knit body. A fine flow of good feeling made him a cheerful companion and a welcome visitor in all circles of society. His preaching was of the picture style. He had the power to make his hearers see things as he saw them, and to feel under the sight as he felt. Nature balanced his gestures, and set his whole style in order upon him. It was easy hearing when brother Barndollar preached. His voice was set on a good key, and he talked as easily as a bird sings.

He had an inquisitive mind. Every doctrine of the Belduffin church was closely studied, but he did not stop here. The worst books he pronounced the best he could read, and everything

he could get of a skeptical kind he would read, as though it satisfied the hungerings of his soul.

He was now thirty-eight years old, and married to a strong-minded woman, who was an independent thinker. They had two daughters, who were nearly grown to womanhood. They monopolized their mother's attention, to the exclusion of the outside world, for many years. Still, she had been reading all this time, and her mind was active on religious questions, so that Mrs. Barn-dollar knew the theology of the Belduffin church as well as her husband.

Under the great Pontetoo excitement of 1843 she pursued her investigations so far, that she thought the Belduffin people did not go far enough in their exercise of faith. If we believe that Christ came once, and will come, in a spiritual form and with spiritual angels, to judge the world, by and by, why not believe that he is coming soon in bodily form? This was the pivotal point around which her religious views revolved. Her mind lost its poise, and she flew off into the land of vagaries and dreams. The ideal and visionary employed her faith, and the day of her usefulness among the Belduffins ceased. The people

observed it when they called at the parsonage, and when she spoke or prayed in the meetings. A few sisters in the church, who indulged similar expectations concerning the coming of Christ, soon learned that in the preacher's wife they had a sympathizing friend, and they formed what might have been called the "theological club," for they discussed the belief of all the ministers and prominent laymen in the churches, and used the theologies of the fathers, with certain portions of the Scriptures to fortify their positions.

The Belduffin people, who saw the coming storm, began to criticise the preacher's wife for helping to bring it on. Every brother and sister in the church received their portion of censure, in one way and another, in due season. The society was large, and some of the most influential members of the church believed that Christ was coming. Brother Barndollar preached against the newfangled notion, and he secured two other ministers to give special sermons on the subject to his people.

The new lights wanted a hearing. They engaged Rev. Mr. Milestone, the author of the new faith, to preach, but the authorities refused to let

him into the church. This offended them, and they went to an old Pontetoo church that had not been occupied for eight years. The house was crowded with people of all shades of belief, who were drawn by curiosity to hear what could be said in favor of the new theory. Sister Barn-dollar was in a front seat, and the disaffected Belduffins occupied seats near her. Brother Barn-dollar was in the audience, with three other ministers, supplied with pencil and paper, to take notes during the lecture.

Mr. Milestone had one of his freest and best times that night. He spoke one hour and three quarters, and made several converts from the Belduffins. This was the church that must accept the new doctrine. Every argument and sophistry possible were used to establish their positions, that the people might come over into this new movement.

The Belduffin church in Tiber was full of heresy, sourness, and criticism, the very condition of things that the new lights produced, and that contributed most to furnish them with converts. There was no possibility of restoring harmony among such a diversity of believers. Every one



claimed to be right, and it was morally impossible that they could all be holding the truth. No compromise measure, that was suggested by the conservative brethren, had the necessary healing power. Nothing would bring peace but separation, and when this came, one third of the members withdrew from the church. Among the number was sister Barndollar, who, notwithstanding her husband's position and peculiar relations to the church, openly declared herself against the Belduffins and in league with the new lights.

It can be better imagined than told, how brother Barndollar felt under the circumstances. He was not responsible for the secession, for he had managed the elements wisely, and with great credit to himself and the church. But he felt the trial sensibly, particularly the action of his own wife. She claimed to be loyal to the Scriptures as she understood them, and though it grieved her husband to have her break with the Belduffin church, yet she declared that duty to conviction must be performed before duty to the church of which she had been a member.

She knew her husband's tendencies to another phase of doctrine full well, for she had talked all

the theological questions in the books over with him, and more than once did she express her fears to him that he was going too far in some of his theories about mesmerism, table-tippings, and spiritual rappings.

The impression was made upon the minds of the Pontetooists in Tiber, that brother Barndollar was an advocate of one phase of Pontetooism, in his pulpit. They claimed him because he preached about angels being around us, and ministering to our wants, and that the spirits of the departed are present with us. All this was true, but it was not out of harmony with Belduffin theology. It was in the midst of the great excitement that he devoted his sermons almost exclusively to these spiritual beings, and taught that the church is growing corrupt, and that it is by the help of the departed members of the church, appearing unto us and teaching us the true way to live, that the church is to be saved, and grow more useful. He alarmed the remaining band of faithful Belduffins, and a clamor arose about brother Barndollar's heresy. He had his friends, who apologized for his teachings, and his enemies, who misrepresented and abused him.

The most disturbing elements, however, in the whole movement, were lodged in the parsonage. Brother Barndollar and his wife were estranged from each other, first because she accepted the theory that Christ is coming again in the flesh, and she left the Belduffin church. Brother Barndollar believed that his usefulness as pastor of that society was gone. He could not consent to preach Belduffin doctrine while his wife was preaching the heresy of Mr. Milestone. He saw the evil influence that must follow wherever he went, and he grew impatient. If his wife had entertained her belief in quietness, all would have gone well. But she was a persistent talker, always seeking out such persons as would hold a discussion with her; and her visitors were the most talkative on the second coming of Christ, in the town.

Her husband and friends suggested that she was destroying their prospects for a comfortable support. She always disdainfully replied, "The Savior is coming, and I shall not need any earthly support. I shall wear a white robe, and eat of the fruits of the tree of life, and never hunger again. You are too gross and sensual

when you talk and think about this life so much. Let us prepare to meet our Lord in the skies, for we shall be caught up in the air to be forever with him." Her tongue ran perpetually, and made that home, once peaceful and happy, a scene of discord and confusion.

There was another element of discontent that stole into the family. Sister Barndollar had often warned her husband against reading skeptical works, but he had a will of his own, and it was usually exercised in choosing books, if in nothing else. A more liberal interpretation of the Scriptures, and greater latitude for human nature, were among his most important demands of a creed.

When the preaching of her husband reached its climax concerning spiritual manifestations, sister Barndollar grew restless to know where it would end. She told her husband, on one occasion, that he was a confirmed believer in mediums, and said she, "Oliver, I want to know if you go the free-love part of that system, too?"

"Well," said he, "I am of the opinion that Christian love is stronger and more sacred than any other."

"What!" said she; "do you mean that a Christian husband is at liberty to love any other woman more than he does his own wife?"

"Yes," said he. "But you do not understand me. I mean this. If I had a wife who was not a Christian, and I was, my love for any Christian woman would be stronger and more sacred than my love for my own wife."

"Do you mean," she asked, "that you are loving all women who are Christians as well as you do your own wife?"

"Why, yes; of course I do," he replied. "I love my neighbor as myself."

"You cannot expect me, holding the views of marriage I do, to continue my attachment to you, if you place me second in your affections, or rank me with a million other women!"

"But wait a moment," he replied. "I have a twofold affection for you—a Christian love and a human love."

"Pshaw!" said she. "A human love! Oliver, you know that is a downright humbug! What does a human love amount to? Nothing at all! I wouldn't give three straws for it. Answer me one more question. If you believe in the pres-

ence of departed spirits, and that you hold communication with them, and all the other notions of that class of Pontotoos, do not you feel a stronger attachment to people who believe as you do, than you do to other people ? ”

“ Yes,” he replied ; “ that is true. I have felt a lack of sympathy and union with you for the past eighteen months, and I think it is because you went off among people who believe in the second coming of Christ.”

“ Yes,” she promptly said, “ and you went off into the company who believe in the presence of spirits. One thing I shall do, Oliver Barndollar, and that is this — I shall not live with you any longer ! We will separate to-morrow. I have observed your progress in freeloveism, and I cannot remain with you as your wife. I shall not sue for a divorce.”

“ No, nor I,” said he.

“ But,” she continued, “ you will not stay among the Belduffins very much longer. I shall go where I can enjoy religious freedom.”

“ Very well,” he said, “ you are at liberty, Lucy ; and remember this one thing — you bear the responsibility, not I ; and more, I have made up

my mind to send my ordination papers to my old friend, brother Horatio Murphy, to return to the big council, in the spring, and I will go where, both in the society with which I mingle and in my domestic surroundings, I can enjoy religious freedom."

Sister Barndollar was overcome with grief, and left the room in tears. The next day she went her way, and in four weeks he went his. The daughters went with their mother, who had some property, and by speculating accumulated more.

He bought a small piece of land, and hired a housekeeper, and in fifteen years after he left his wife, without living together for one day of that time, he died.

Thus heresy destroyed that religious society and home, and made four hearts unhappy for more than fifteen years.

## CHAPTER XX.

## INTEMPERANCE.

THE real reforms of the times are usually begun in the churches. This is very natural, because they are founded on the truths of the Bible. The ministers and church people search the Scriptures for truths, which, when found and applied to the defects in social and individual life, secure improvements.

The temperance cause has had a varied fortune in the churches. The struggle was long and severe, to gain for it a place in the books of law adopted by the legislatures of the sects. At first the question was, Has a person any moral right to drink, as a beverage, intoxicating liquors? This troubled the religious societies more than any other body of people, because they were expected to begin to practice abstinence. It was more annoying to the preachers than to any other individuals



in the churches, because they were pressed by certain enthusiastic advocates of the doctrine to preach it, and to give lectures upon the subject. But they must abstain themselves from using the beverage, or the crowd would cry, "Physician, heal thyself!" Thus the pressure came upon the clergy. Their taking advanced ground was delayed by various causes. The old-fashioned preachers, like Carroll Orpheus, Jerry Ocdough, Aleck Maze, and Horatio Murphy, who were trained under such men as the Rev. Barney Hastings, and Dr. Marley, loved their wine and toddy. They used themselves to drinking these beverages when they sat down to study a sermon. Before going into the pulpit, it was the custom to take a swig of brandy, then go into the closet and pray. This was the perfection of their preparation to stand before the people to preach. Not unfrequently did the Rev. Barney Hastings get terribly excited in the pulpit.

On one occasion, when preaching in a barn, with a table about five feet long across the corner of the floor, he stood in the little triangle made by the table and walls. He was 'preaching to a large crowd of people. They were gathered on

the haymows which served for galleries, and on extemporized seats in the floor. It had often been whispered that brother Hastings took too much toddy, more than he could drink and keep his mind well poised. On this occasion his subject was "The Judgment Day." He opened up his sermon well, and proceeded to the final separation — the sheep on the right hand, the goats on the left. He described the sheep and the goats as they would feel when commanded to come or to depart. He pictured their positions with families divided, parents on one side, and children on the other ; husbands on one side, and wives on the other ; then he dwelt upon the marching away, Satan at the head of the column of goats, leading them down with the music of sighs, and moans, and groanings, with weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth ; and the sheep marching in one column up, with the Great Shepherd as their leader, keeping step to their joyful songs and the music of their harps ; angels flying through the air in their pearly white.

When he got into this description fully, he dashed around in his corner with the wildest excitement. The blood flushed his face ; his hands

came down with great force on the table; he stamped his feet; and when he saw the sheep, under their Leader, marching up into heaven, he gave one leap, and went over the table among the people. This produced a tremendous excitement. The women near him shrieked, some of them cried, children called aloud for papa and mamma. Brother Hastings went on. He described the doors of heaven shut, and no more people permitted to enter. The service closed. Nobody said a word to the preacher about being too much excited, until he met one of his peers in the ministry, a man of different morals, who was a mere boy, the Rev. Jerkins Zuland. He said, "Brother Hastings, I hear you got excited down in brother Sullivan's barn, a few weeks ago, when preaching, and jumped over the table."

"Ah! brother Zuland, I took a glass of toddy that brother Sullivan gave me before I went in, and I thought he put too much water in it. The laymen are liable to do that, you know. So I went to my saddle-bags, and took a drink of brandy to get my spirits up to preach, and I took too much. I have been ashamed of myself, because it has

made a great deal of talk, and I suppose the folks thought I had too much."

"Yes ; and depend upon it," said brother Zuland, "if you men who drink spirits do not quit it, there will be trouble in the church."

"I know, I know," brother Hastings replied ; "but you see this is an old custom."

"That don't make any difference," said brother Zuland ; "it is a custom that must cease." He here took a total abstinence pledge from his pocket, and asked brother Hastings to read and sign it.

He said, "I can't sign that, but I will sign one to give up every kind of liquor but wine and cider."

Brother Zuland thought it would be a great victory to get him to do even that. So the pledge was prepared, and brother Hastings put his name to it, and kept his obligation till he died. The greatest mortification of his ministerial life was the jumping over the table ; but his name to that pledge was a triumph for temperance among the Belduffin clergy.

A similar conflict was witnessed among the ministers in the Sorongo Zimrum, and Pontetoo churches. The men of early times drank whisky

and brandy ; the new men practiced total abstinence ; and there was an irrepressible conflict between the two classes on rum and temperance. The new views spread with great rapidity, and effected a reform in the character of a great many, both men and women, in the churches, who had practiced drinking most of their lives.

If there had been no hindrances put in the way by religious people in later times, the weight of this one idea, that Jerkins Zuland presented in his first pledge, would have carried it to every home in Melkina, and the country would have saved a million of her young men from dying by strong drink every five years. But there was one church in the country that talked peace where there was no peace.

The Paladum church was a peculiar organization in its relations to all other religious bodies, and to all questions of reform. Their ministers were, for the most part, well educated, but they were trained to read, so that they might read the prayers and lessons in the church services with good effect. The clergy were of two orders — the High Paladums, and Low Paladums. The one tenet which they held as dear as life, and by

which they were distinguished from all other sects, was, that every man outside of their church, who professed to be a minister in Melkina, was an impostor, because he had not come to a Grand Commander among the Paladums, to let him lay his hands on his head and say, "You are a preacher of the gospel." It was a very simple thing for the ministers of other churches to do, but they could never be persuaded to overcome their prejudices leveled against the exclusive decree of the Paladum church. It made a great deal of trouble in the country, for the churches had a powerful influence in the administration of the government in Melkina.

The Paladum preachers were fond of holding office, and many of their members, influenced, no doubt, by the suggestive title High Paladums, were frequently found filling places of trust in the government. The navy department of Melkina was the main direction in which their political ambition moved. For a long series of years, the praying at the navy-yards and among the fleets of the country was done by Paladum preachers.

The navy is a place for strong drink. The marines, and especially the officers, loved their

Bourbon whisky, with choice brandies and wines. The Paladum ministers who went among them to pray, almost invariably adopted the habit of drinking with officers on shipboard, or in the offices on land. Some of these ministers would make one or two voyages, and because they did not enjoy the life, would resign, and secure the appointment of some Paladum clergyman as his successor.

This medley of prayer, drinking, resigning, and appointing of new men went on long enough to entangle many of the clergy of the Paladum church in the meshes of the drinking habit. From it the people could not break away. On the contrary, the infection spread from the pulpit to the members, until wines at dinners, at weddings, and all social gatherings, became quite common. Ministers and people drank freely, and counted it religious. No note of warning was sounded for the public good, on the temperance issue, by the Paladum preachers. Their lips were sealed ; and this state of things continued, while the Belduffins, Sorongos, Zimrums, and Pontetoos were pushing the reform with all the available forces at their command. The only help secured from the Pala-

dums was found in the excessive drinking of their preachers and some of their members, which sometimes resulted in drunkenness, to the chagrin of the more moral people in the church.

The Rev. Perly Otis entered the Paladum ministry when he was quite young. His first labor as a minister was done in the navy. He was chaplain in the South Atlantic squadron, which took him away from his family and home for three years. He was temperate and devoutly pious. As a preacher he was a man of ordinary talents, but of a most inoffensive disposition, and wielded a great deal of power in social life. He was one of the purest men in the outward habits of his life known among the ministry of his church. But when he entered the navy, his very purity of life, and the active religious emotions of his nature, were the features which made him susceptible to the drinking customs of the marines.

He tiddled first at port and cherry wines ; but before he returned home, he had formed the habit of taking a drink of brandy three times a day. He resigned his commission in the navy at the end of his voyage, and entered upon the duties of a parish minister among the Paladums, in the



city of Downer, in Blonduff. His record was as clean in the eyes of the public when he returned as it was when he left home. But he was not the same pure man ; he was damaged by the habit of drinking.

Two of the chief men in his church were sent for by the police, one morning, and when they arrived at the police headquarters, the chief said, "Gentlemen, your minister was crazy drunk last night, at eleven o'clock, and threatened to kill his wife and two children. The neighbors were called, and could not quiet him. I was sent for, and went up. The only way to get along with him at all was, to put him in the lockup. We did it, and I have not let him out yet, but thought I would let you know the condition of things, that you may apply some remedy."

The churchmen were astounded. But they secured his release from the lockup, and went home with him.

A meeting of the officials in the church was called. Brother Otis confessed his wrong, but told them that navy life had ruined him. "If I had never been persuaded to accept a commission as chaplain, I should be free from this craving for

strong drink." He asked the council to forgive him, and with tears in his eyes begged them, "Don't turn me out of my pastorate ; for if you do, I shall have no respect for myself, and I shall be disheartened, and go headlong to destruction."

The chairman asked him if he would give up drinking spirituous liquors. He replied, "Yes, all but wine and cider ; you must let me drink those, for our ministers and people use them, and I cannot hold my office and refuse when they are offered me in social gatherings."

To this that council solemnly agreed. They forgave him his sin, and he continued his ministerial work. This was not a rare occurrence of excessive drinking among the Paladum clergy. Several of them have been deposed from their office in the last thirty years for public drunkenness. Many others, who were too fond of the beverage, were charitably screened from the public eye when they had disgraced themselves, for their system of church government was of the secret order. Neither their ministers nor people mingled much with other religious people ; hence it was not difficult to hide these reports in their own borders.

The church, as such, did not lend any help to the temperance reform in Melkina, but their positive influence was thrown in favor of moderate drinking. Their membership in the country was two hundred thousand, and about five hundred thousand people attended their church services. This was the greatest stumbling-block to the progress of total abstinence that the reformers met ; and while I am writing these things, nobody expects a general temperance reform in Melkina until men like the Rev. Barney Hastings are either dead or converted, and the Paladums practice the temperance part of the gospel they preach.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## TEMPERANCE.

VERY few people in Melkina who sell spirituous liquors attend preaching. Some of them do, but they are a class who have studied the position of the churches, in their relation to the liquor business, closely enough to know what ministers preach against it, and what churches wink at the drinking of an occasional glass. It makes no difference what theology the church holds; if it will quietly pass over the much-loved business, it secures the social influence and financial support of the men engaged in the pernicious trade.

The Belduffins struck the business some of the severest blows it ever received from reformers. The young men among the clergy were full of modern notions, and alive with enthusiasm on this chief reform. When the interest among the people ran the highest in the country, it was not unin-

teresting to me to notice their treatment of this question. A healthy public opinion grew up among the Belduffins, under their lecturing and preaching.

Occasionally a minister would refuse to abstain entirely, and a few of them treated the subject with a strange silence. The Rev. Jacob Gould declined the presidency of St. Mary's College, because, if he accepted, he would be forced, by the customs of society, to practice total abstinence, as other Christians did, in Hillabud. Rather than do this, he remained in Blonduff, where he could drink his wine without being molested by church opinions concerning individual morals.

The Belduffin ministers were recognized as leaders in this great reform. It cost their church a great price, because the fashionable drinkers in populous towns and cities left their congregations, and took away their financial support, which would have been a great help in developing the Belduffin societies. The liquor dealers were usually very wealthy, and the only religion they seemed to have was giving money to support the churches. This was a weapon they used to intimidate such ministers as were morally weak, and —

I say it with a sense of shame—it was feared by a few of the Belduffin preachers. But the majority of the young men were radical and positive in pronouncing their views. Their loyalty to the truth was a blessing to the churches they served, as well as to the communities in which they lived. They left their mark upon the populations and churches to which they preached the truth. It became common talk that no assemblies that worshiped on the Sabbath, in Melkina, had less of the aiders and abettors of this traffic among their numbers than the Belduffins.

The physicians of the country were, with rare exceptions, advocates of drinking. They drank freely themselves, and prescribed it freely for their patients, and the patients loved to have it so. It was a stronghold in the practice of medicine. The physicians did not attend the Belduffin churches, but they were found elsewhere when they attended any religious services at all. Their ministers were persistent in protesting against the use of stimulants, especially in cases where all that seemed necessary in order to improve health was fresh air, good food, and plenty of sleep. Nature furnished these stimulants in abundance,

but the physicians made a new invention, and by its use the morals of society were injured, and the public peace broken.

These men were not much to blame, nor indeed the dealers in strong drink, for not going among the Belduffins, because the preachers were injuring their business by their constant appeals to the public in favor of temperance.

The lawyers of the country gained a reputation for being conservative politicians. Everything they did in reforms was done from motives of expediency; accordingly they had nothing to do with the temperance cause: you might look in vain for six lawyers in any province who took an active part in helping the good cause. They were almost as numerous as the clergy or the physicians in the country, but they had a sort of tactics that if it were not expedient to act in favor of a public movement, it might be inexpedient to act against it; therefore they did not care to be known as acting at all in this reform, not even to show friendship for those who advocated it. If we except a few individuals, it may be said they did not attend Belduffin preaching. Their choice was to go where the preachers did

not occupy so advanced ground in teaching the people what the great duty of the hour was, for they might seem to indorse the clergy and church, and this might affect them on the great day when the citizens would meet to cast their ballots for public officers.

It became common talk that the doctors hindered the use of moral means, while the lawyers hindered temperance people in the use of legal means to abolish the drinking and selling of spirituous liquors.

There was one asylum for these distressed classes of men. The Paladum church did not raise its voice against the drinking customs of society, nor against the traffic, as the chief cause of pauperism and crime in Melkina. They glossed it over, and catered to all these classes of wicked men. A printed ritual used in their church service excluded such an irregularity, and the various memorable days kept by them furnished subjects for the preachers to discourse upon, which did not leave room for the temperance cause to be advocated in their services. This meant silence in all the Paladum church on the great reform, unless some minister would be seized with a fit



of inspiration, and speak out in defense of the golden word, in defiance of the common custom.

I have looked into their churches in different provinces, and studied the characters of the congregation, and I have seen, sitting together, generals and distillers, doctors and druggists who sold liquors as a medicine, but mostly as a beverage ; wholesale liquor dealers, lawyers, and keepers of hotels with private bars ; the fashionably rich, who kept their choice wines in their cellars, and the proprietors of billiard saloons, who kept their wines in a similar place ; and a man, in his gown, who preached a sermon to this company that never sounded temperance with a meaning tone of voice, from the beginning to the end of the year.

The Paladums were an intemperate people. They made their record in the face of warnings and entreaties from the temperance classes of society. The Bible itself was without meaning to them on this subject. They were just the opposite from the Belduffins in this reform. In the one church there was a stir and honest work for the public good. In the other there was silence,

which meant, We love to tipple at "the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup;" and we enjoy rich revenues in our churches: therefore let others fight this battle, while we patronizingly preach the "cross" to lost men.

I was astonished to see the issue from the lives of the children who grew up in the two denominations. No church in Melkina was shamed with less drunkards than the Belduffins; no one with more than the Paladums. The Paladums saw the sons of their rich and fashionable parents running into lives of dissipation, which ended in an occasional crime, and carried sorrow and heart-burnings all through the church. No trade or settled business was attractive enough for these young men. Idleness prevailed among them, and they became a dangerous class of men in the community.

The Belduffins saw their children at honest labor, forming habits of industry; and, as we have seen in the beginning of the book, the boys of poor parents entered her ministry, and helped to build up society. In these things I speak of the general drift of the churches. The one was not absolutely perfect, neither was the other totally

depraved. But the indications were, that they were going respectively in these directions.

It was when these churches had established such representative character, that a new political movement sprung up in Melkina, and as is common in this country, when a reform is to be carried to victory, the people must do it; for they are free, and everybody has a voice in shaping the laws enacted against an evil.

It has been the custom in the country, for nearly a century, for the clergy to begin the agitation of an improvement in the morals of society by securing the adoption of wholesome laws. It was deemed necessary to the suppression of intemperance among the Paladums, and the people in general, that a law be passed in each province forbidding the sale of the beverage. It was not difficult to secure such a law, for the political men of all parties favored it; but when it was adopted nobody would enforce it. Spirituous liquors were manufactured and sold just as if this law did not exist, as if there were no temperance people in the land.

I have not space to explain all the perplexing things that resulted from the agitation of the

question, when it assumed the shape of a law. But the chief movement was made by the Belduffin clergy. They turned aside to politics, to secure the enforcement of the new law. They called upon the people who voted at the elections to rally. Small gatherings of sincere and enthusiastic men came out, and organized a political party in Shamreef, in Hillabud, and in several other provinces. The Sorongos, Zimrums, and Pontetoos were well represented. The Rev. Jenkins Zuland was elected to the Assembly in Blonduff, and he made the greatest speech of his life on a bill he presented to provide for the better enforcement of the law against the rum traffic. The speech was quoted all through the country by the press, and his Belduffin friends applauded him for braving the opposition of the politicians.

It certainly was a great triumph to get a man in the Blonduff Assembly who dared to speak earnest, eloquent words in favor of enforcing this law, because the politicians, who were mostly lawyers and doctors, passed the law merely to silence the temperance people. They never intended to enforce it, and, indeed, they threw every

obstacle they could in the way of this good work.

Jerkins Zuland was the champion of the cause, and by his speech won a new position for temperance in the public mind. The Revs. John Hopkins, Loring Wriggles, James McCormick, and Mr. Oddleberg were elected to the Assembly in Hillabud, and they did good service for the cause, by defending the law and preventing its being repealed.

The movement never accomplished much in the way of securing advanced legislation, for it never was expected that it would make a great national party, and enact the laws; but it answered every purpose as a means of agitation. For it was in the politics of the country, and the people of Melkina can always be excited on a moral or religious question, by putting it into the arena of politics, quicker than by keeping it out and using some other means.

Not long after the Belduffins — assisted by the Sorongos, Zimrums, and Pontetoos — had commenced the political movement to promote temperance, some of the rich men among the Paladums were interested in the cause, or, perhaps I

should say, intended to get the good will of the ministers and people who were active leaders in the new political movement. Sometimes extremes meet, and they did on this occasion. The Belduffins were the radicals, and the Paladums were the conservatives. But they could not mingle in this movement and work together, for they did not see eye to eye.

Though the political organizations were small and short-lived, and never secured much power in the assemblies, yet they defeated the election of a great many rum-selling and wine-drinking Paladums, who were up for office, and produced a profound conviction all through their church that intemperance was the most threatening evil that lurked in their borders.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## TOBACCO.

WHEN the work of reform is begun in a man's life, it is likely to spread until he is delivered from the slavery to every pernicious habit that binds him. Society is affected in very much the same way. If a reform is wrought in the drinking customs of the people, or even sought in earnest, it will lay bare other habits that injure men, and present another work for reformers to do.

The use of tobacco was a very common practice among the ministry ten years ago. Some of them smoked cigars and pipes, others chewed tobacco, and a few of them both chewed and smoked. They were bold enough to smoke when walking on the streets, when riding on horseback, or in a buggy. In their studies and houses, and when visiting their parishioners, it was common to sit down with the lady and gentleman of the house

after tea, and take a social smoke before going to a prayer meeting or preaching service. It may be said to the praise of some, that every man did not indulge in the use of this narcotic, though it required a great deal of nerve for a man to speak against a custom which was so common, and in which the people seemed to find so much enjoyment as they did in this.

The Rev. Aleck Maze had no sympathy for the practice. He abhorred it as he did poison, and, indeed, he regarded tobacco a poison of less power than opium or brandy, but of sufficient strength to injure the nervous power, sooner or later, of every person who was given to its use. He seldom referred to any reform in his sermons, except the efforts to rid society of the too common use of tobacco. The use of the weed was the foe of his race, and he invariably hit the evil in his sermons in one way or another.

He offered a famous prayer at a "woods meeting" in Hillabud. There were some two thousand people present, and about twenty preachers. The subject of entire consecration to the Lord was prominently before the meeting, and brother Maze was called on to pray at the close of the



afternoon sermon. He asked the people to kneel. They got down, and he commenced :—

“O Lord, we have been trying to consecrate ourselves to Thee for four days of this meeting. A good many of us fail. The power does not rest upon us, as in ancient days. The trouble seems to be among the ministers. Now, Lord, what is the sin that keeps the blessing back? Show us our sins and wickedness! Lord, we believe it is tobacco! Nearly all thy servants who bring glad tidings use the vile weed. Lord, show us if it is right or wrong. Thou hast said, if we confess our sins, thou art faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Take the poison out of us that tobacco has put in. Cleanse our bodies and souls. Give us clean tongues and clean hands. Purge us with hyssop, and we shall be clean; wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow. This, O Lord, is necessary for our consecration. Give us this, and then we will ask for more. Amen.”

The prayer caused a great many in the congregation to smile and laugh. It was talked about all through the meeting. Some scolded and some

approved. Brother Maze advertised his cause successfully, and produced a vigorous agitation on the subject.

An old minister, with a pipe in his mouth, called round with two brethren at brother Maze's tent in the evening, and said, "Brother Maze, what is your theology on this tobacco question? You preach and pray against it, and we would like to know what scripture you use to defend your position."

"Well, it is this," he replied. "You see, the smallest seed spoken of in the Bible is a grain of mustard seed. Now, a grain of tobacco seed is smaller than a grain of mustard seed:—

‘Therefore tobacco is a weed  
That from the Devil did proceed.’”

The old brother said, "That is not good logic. Because the Bible does not speak of a seed as small as a tobacco seed, it is no reason why God may not have some good things in the natural world that grow from seeds smaller than a grain of mustard seed. Give us some scripture against its use."

Brother Maze said, "Can you give any scripture in favor of its use?"

"Yes. 'To the pure, all things are pure.'"

"But suppose a man uses that scripture in reference to profanity, or drunkenness, or laziness. Now, there is only one scripture I ever found in favor of the use of tobacco in the whole Bible."

"What is that?" inquired the old brother.

Brother Maze said, "It is found in the twenty-second chapter of Revelation: 'He which is filthy, let him be filthy still.'"

The most difficult place to win victories for a reform is among the clergy. They always hold a religious reason for their irreligious habits. To overthrow their scriptural and conscientious views that a Christian minister may use tobacco, and not commit sin, is next to an impossibility.

The three eastern provinces in Melkina became the stronghold of reforms, as well as the home of reformers. Hillabud was the place to start new notions. The serfs of the country, the politically abused women of the land, the cause of temperance, and that of anti-tobacco, all had their most radical advocates in this province. Their magazines, papers, and tracts were published there, and the greatest hostility to the

churches which held the orthodox views of the Bible was found in this centre of reforms.

Lectures on all the new views and issues were first delivered in Hillabud. Then there would be a pause. The lecturers would be silent that they might hear the objections raised by the public, and after hearing them, they would carefully prepare replies, and come before the people again, to have a hearing. It was thus that the province became a place of agitation for the radical and conservative men and women on reforms, and it was not at all strange, that here, as well as in Shamreef and Eureka, the practice of using tobacco was first condemned among the clergy.

There are two ways to reform ministers when they need reform. The first I have intimated. Reach their consciences and get them divided among themselves, and they will fight it out. No men of any profession differ so widely on some questions as do these. When this happens, they make "music in the air," and the result usually depends upon the success attained in reaching them through the second means of reform. As a class, ministers are fearful of the people, especially when it comes to Bible or church doctrines and

moral reforms. Not many of the "one hundred" were satisfied that the people should get in advance of them in their loyalty to the doctrines of the church, or in their practice of virtue. When it happened that a minister was willful, and despised the position taken by the people, he fell out of high places, as was the case with Revs. Philip Orway and Owen Simonds, both of whom drank wine in public places, and smoked cigars on the streets in Hillabud. These men were popular preachers, and stood high in the churches, until the reforms, which struck their habits, swept them out of their positions into seclusion and discouragement.

The anti-tobacco agitation did finally prevent the use of tobacco in public by the clergy, though not entirely in private.

They had respect for public opinion, and adopted another style for gratifying their appetite for the pipe and cigar. Secret alliances were formed among the brethren who smoked. When visiting each other, or when at conventions, or assemblies, or woods meetings, they would steal away into a secluded place, and sit down together and smoke and chat, as they alone knew how to engage in

such festivities, and gather a large measure of enjoyment. Horse sheds back of churches have been used at ten o'clock at night, after the horses were taken out, and filled with the fumes drawn from delectable Havana.

A cellar or a garret was often used by the younger men of new notions among the "one hundred," who loved the narcotic ; or that earthly paradise to a minister, his study, if it was far enough away from the front door, sitting-room and parlor, so that the anti-tobacco brethren and sisters who chanced to call might not smell the odor.

With all the skill exercised in trying to conceal this new effort to perpetuate the use of tobacco among the ministers, it was a failure. The breath of the minister told the secret, or sometimes his children, or it might be a visitor. Sometimes a smoking preacher would be seized with a terrible conviction that it was wrong, and he would go before his people and make a confession. Or, as was often the case, an anti-tobacco brother or sister in the church would ask a preacher the plain question, "Do you smoke?" The honest

answer would be, "Yes ;" and then an exhortation followed.

The Rev. Miles Perkins lectured "On the Origin of the Belduffins" in Shamreef, one night. At ten o'clock he went to his room, tired, and hungry for a cigar. It was a cold winter night, but he threw open the window in his chamber toward the barn, and, wrapped in his overcoat and shawl, he seated himself to smoke. When fairly under way, puffing the smoke out of the window, the man of the house, who was a deacon in the church, and a hater of tobacco, took his pail and went out to the barn to milk his cow. Brother Perkins smoked on, and, of course, was seen, and the fact was told, so that the people of the village knew that the brother practiced the vice. A few months later, brother Perkins was called to the same town to lecture. He had a good audience, and commenced by saying, "Which is the worse, to smoke a cigar quietly and inoffensively at a back window, in the second story of a house, at ten o'clock at night, or to put off till that late hour of a winter night the milking of your cow? Judge ye!"

Union revival meetings were frequently held in the towns and cities of Melkina by the Belduffins, Sorongos, and Zimrums. During one of these revivals in Shamreef, when the Revs. John Horjins, Horatio Murphy, and Dr. Bowline were working together in a school-house four miles from their residence, they took their team and started for home one night, after a very noisy meeting. There had been a good deal of shouting at the altar, and brother Horjins was considerably excited. He could say, "Amen," and shout, "Glory to Jesus!" with wonderful emphasis, when he saw victory in a religious meeting. They had won the victory that night, and brother Horjins was in a shouting mood. Brother Murphy sat between the other two men in the buggy, and drove the horse, as they traveled homeward.

Brother Horjins was a smoker. He got out of the buggy after they got away from the people, and tried to light his pipe. He struck a match, and drew and puffed, and then shouted, "Hallelujah!" His match went out, and the pipe was not lighted. He walked by the side of the buggy, and



lighted another, and shouted, "Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Glory to Jesus!" The last sentence was uttered as loud as he could scream, and echoed and re-echoed through the woods. The match went out again. He tried for a mile, walking and striking matches, and shouting, to light his pipe. At last brother Murphy said, "Don't draw your salvation through that pipe-stem any more."

He tried it again, and succeeded in getting a light. He got into the buggy and puffed away, and shouted occasionally for another mile. But finally he said, "Brother Murphy, I must give up smoking. Your remark back there, 'Don't draw your salvation through that pipestem any more,' shows me this thing in a new light." He threw his tobacco and pipe into the woods, and was reformed from that hour.

This reformation moved slowly among the clergy in the eastern provinces, because the habit was practiced secretly, and, as is the case with most bad habits of the kind, it was difficult to reach it, for as it was out of sight, the danger lay in accusing a man falsely. If this was

done, the cause would be injured by its friends. The gradual work, so faithfully and prudently done, elevated public sentiment, and at this day a marked improvement is visible in the character of the ministry in the provinces of the east.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A FAILURE.

**M**INISTERS love honor. They seek it, but not always in pious ways. Some of them know the road, others do not. One goes into reforms. He writes and lectures, and seems dead to everything else. Another preaches grandly and gloriously. His lips glow with an almost seraphic fire. His preparation to stand before great congregations is made by hard labor, and very often at a great sacrifice of health. A layman said of the Rev. Jonas Cromby, "If it were possible to wear out a mirror by making gestures before it, — by moving the hands, by changing the position of the body, by putting the countenance through the variations of smiling and crying, by looking scornful and angry, solemn and dignified, — then brother Cromby would have used up twenty mirrors, for he has formed his manner by the long-continued practice of observing himself. Preach-

ing to trees in a clump of woods, or to the stalks of corn in a cornfield, was a common exercise for beginners in this highest art.

Not a great many of the "one hundred" succeeded in reaching the superior style of oratory. Yet this was not for want of ambition, for there was brother Cromby, who, like preachers in common, aimed at big sermons every time he preached, especially at woods meetings; for these were occasions when the Belduffin brethren appeared before one another, and showed the execution they could do by preaching. Any preacher who could produce great immediate results by a sermon was counted a strong man.

Brother Cromby was sure to be invited to preach at a woods meeting in Shamreef, not because he was able to arouse the religious feeling of the people, so much as from the fact that he was always ready to preach. The Superior Rover who had charge of the woods meeting was frequently embarrassed to get men to supply the desk. He knew the ministers well, and who among them would preach on short notice. Some of the preachers were sagacious. They would begin six, or even nine months before a

woods meeting, to prepare a choice sermon. They would put into it three or four other sermons, and each of these they would prepare with a view to running them all together when the woods meeting came round.

Brother Cromby knew this secret, and showed it in all the preaching he ever did at these gatherings. He tried to preach great sermons, but there was no general approval following his efforts. The public would forget their pious moods, and criticise his efforts, at the boarding-tent and other places; and he looked upon it as success, because the people talked about his sermons. His failure was marked by two weaknesses. The first one was his free use of "I" where other preachers used "we," and he carried this so far, that he would often pray, when leading a congregation, "Lord, I come to thee —." In one sermon a brother counted seventy-five I's. The most perplexing part of it was, brother Cromby would not be corrected. He was too high up in letters to receive instruction from anybody before whom he was permitted to preach. His reason for using the singular was, that the plural was not strictly true.

Very often he expressed views for which nobody but himself was responsible. He was heterodox on some points in theology, and the old preachers, with some of the old members of the church, looked upon his sermons critically, expecting to catch him in his doctrine. Rumors were flying that he preached, in a sermon on his charge, that there was no more divinity in Jesus Christ than there was in Moses or St. Paul, and that at another time he declared that the words of the Scriptures are not inspired by the Holy Ghost, the inspiration only suggested the thoughts of the writers.

These two expressions passed into the conversation of the Belduffin people all through the section in which he lived, and affected his reputation unfavorably. More than once did committees, who were in search of a star preacher for their pulpits, pass brother Cromby by on account of his reputed heterodoxy.

He graduated at St. John's University, and stood high in his class. But he tried to make more capital out of his college course and successful graduation than was reasonable. He knew the value of an education to a minister, and the

pet fact in his life, that he was sure to exhibit in his conversation, especially when in company of strangers, was, that he had been to college. Some of his old parishioners affirmed that, in one way or another, he told his congregation he had been to college in two sermons out of every three he preached. It was a common expression among the boys and girls attending the common school, "When I was in college, Dr. B. said;" "When I was in college, the boys were under strict rules."

Everybody that heard brother Cromby preach received the impression that he had been to college, and strangers who visited the town, but did not hear him, very soon learned the fact from the saying that passed like genuine coin, "When I was in college."

It was introducing a new thing in preaching, when he changed the style of matter in his sermons from that used by men in earlier times. His first innovation in this particular was liberal quotations of poetry.

The freedom with which he spoke, secured for him occasional invitations to speak at temperance meetings and religious gatherings. It was not

long, however, before he was dropped, and other men of less culture and talent filled these places. The people noticed it, and it so affected brother Cromby that he nearly gave up the battle of life. He was thoroughly discouraged because he was slighted by the committee who invited speakers for special occasions, and because the Superior Rover did not ask him any more to preach at the woods meetings.

Ere long, however, he learned that his sermons and speeches had been too much crowded with poetry, classical allusions, and "when I was in college," to do the good expected. The people felt that he had insulted them by overdoing on these specialties in his addresses, and he became conscious of the weakness.

But it was too great to remedy. He owned one hundred and fifty sermons, which he had prepared with the greatest care. They were the work of several years, and the result of a great deal of observation and investigation. They were worth ten thousand dollars. He would not take a cent less than that for them ; and there was not enough courage in his soul to lay them aside, and work up new ones after a different pattern. He had



formed the habit of preaching these old sermons over and over again, as he moved from place to place. They were his stock in trade, and he depended on them as a huntsman does upon the gun that has been fired fifty times.

The Rev. Olney Tontin was editor of a religious paper, and an excellent scholar. He volunteered to counsel brother Cromby, and urged him not to be disheartened. He thought he was a man of too much culture and native talent to be sacrificed to egotism. So he undertook to save him. He knew what a disease he had to encounter, for he had met it in himself in its rankest form, and broke its power; and that prepared him to meet it in brother Cromby.

Brother Tontin tried him first on the religious side of his nature. They knelt down together, and prayed over it for two mortal hours, in brother Cromby's study. But grace enough to root out the peculiarities which brought the trouble was not given. They remained after the praying was done. Brother Tontin nerved himself to humble his brother by laying all his faults bare. He showed him how he had failed to see sinners converted; how the spirituality of the churches

had died out under his worldly preaching ; how the congregations, in every instance, had grown smaller, and he was recognized, by the preachers and people as a failure in the ministry. Brother Cromby saw these things, and had mourned over them more, perhaps, than anybody else ; so there was nothing new to be told about them.

Brother Tontin asked him how he would like a professorship in a college.

“That is what I want, and I am conscious that it is where I should be. For years I have sought to know where my weakness in the pulpit lies, and I know that my love for literature has led me to read a class of books, and to preach a style of sermons, that do not belong to a successful preacher. I have avoided the common people, on my charges, and sought the company of lawyers and doctors, and educated business men, and literary people. I have suffered in my feelings from the criticisms that have been made upon me for this apparent haughtiness or pride of spirit. It has not been because I lacked sympathy for the common people that I did not mingle with them, but I was simply seeking kindred spirits ; and I made up my mind, eight years ago, that I would culti-

vate my natural taste for letters in preparing and preaching my sermons, and in social life, if I had to do it at a sacrifice of a big reputation as a preacher. I struck for a deeper vein, and on that line I have been working."

"Yes," replied brother Tontin, "and you have hit it. I am a trustee of St. John's College, and you will be elected to the chair of mathematics, which is now vacant. It will be a stepping-stone to some other department, that will be better adapted to your tastes, and that you will be more willing to accept."

Nothing could have pleased brother Cromby more than this offer, for he had preached and lectured so that he had made an impression in the church that he was better adapted to a professorship in some institution of learning than to the pulpit. To ask for the place was below his dignity ; but when other people saw the fitness of such an arrangement, and offered it to him, he accepted the position gladly, and when he entered upon his duties, everybody that knew him pronounced eulogies upon the men who managed it ; for they believed that brother Cromby would have

great success in the lecture-room of the college. And this was true. He became popular among the students at once, and won the title of Doctor of Divinity early in life, and took a high rank among the educators in Melkina.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### LIBERALISM.

WE cannot judge the usages of the ministers in the churches, forty and fifty years ago, by the usages of the ministers in our times. We are becoming a homogeneous people. The churches that claim to be orthodox are coming together on a common theological platform. A few days ago I attended the examination of the Rev. John Horpins, before the Sorongo society, over which he was to be settled. Fifty years ago this same church was among the oldest of the old school churches, with its red-hot Calvinism falling in two sermon streams every Sunday, and eight years ago the pastor would not allow a Belduffin minister to preach in his pulpit. But at this examination the candidate gave Belduffin answers to the Sorongo questions of the council on depravity and repentance, conversion and perfection, decrees and the resurrection of the body,

the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the future condition of the sinful and holy. Any Belduffin minister in the land would have answered every question asked just as that candidate did, though fresh from an old school Sorongo theological seminary.

I walked away from the council wondering how near this new Sorongo minister came to the Belduffin usages, in his pulpit and social meetings. I afterwards learned. His sermons are not delivered from full manuscript. He stands erect before his audience and glances at his paper, but he gives his hearers some of his grandest thoughts when looking them in the face. He kindles, strikes the pulpit with his fist occasionally, and lifts up his voice like a trumpet. No conventionalities bind him to drawling his sentences in the ministerial tone. A Zimrum sister was once asked how she liked her new minister. "Very well, indeed," she replied; "he has the *blessed* tone." This man threw away the Sorongo tone, and preached with the natural dignity of a man who talks earnestly and with arousement to people he wanted to bless.

"I heard him singing the good old choruses,

"I'm going home, to die no more," "I'm glad salvation's free," "Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation," "Come to Jesus just now," and many other such Belduffin choruses, in the first social meeting he conducted in that old-fashioned Sorongo church. Two old sisters put on their glasses at the beginning of the meeting—a thing they never used to do in prayer meeting; and every time the minister sung, they held on to the back of the settee in front of them, and listened. The deacons thanked God, in their prayers that night, for the soul-inspiring and heavenly songs of the present hour. "The Lord be praised," said one of them, "that our minister can sing." He went on to confess the sins of the people for not singing more in the past, and said, "Lord, we have not praised thee enough in song, and we have grown cold in religion; our harps have hung upon the willows, and Zion has languished. Now, Lord, help us to sing!" and the minister said, "Amen."

That was the most influential deacon in the church. He had money, and talent, and a great heart. Everybody was afraid, however, that the new minister would adopt some other notion, that would destroy the old Sorongo usages. But

the singing put them in a good state of feeling for any other new-fangled notion. Presently the preacher rose to speak. He said he believed in social meetings conducted on a broad basis, and plumply invited the sisters to speak in meeting. One sister, who was converted among the Belduffins, and had belonged to that church for eight years, and then married the superintendent of the Sorongo Sabbath school, spoke then and there, the first time in a meeting, for the nine years that she had belonged to the church. It was a rousing Belduffin exhortation. She became excited, and talked about the millennium coming. She felt as though she had got back to her old home. She said, "We get our sermons warm from the preacher's heart, and not all read. The singing here to-night has lifted my soul ten miles nearer heaven, and the blessed privilege of speaking in meeting about Jesus, and what he has done for my soul, — why, brethren and sisters, I have been homesick for nine years, but — bless the Lord! — we are now just like the Belduffins! I enjoy this union."

I saw an advertisement in a paper that the Zimrum church in Bondon were to settle a min-



ister. My curiosity was excited at once, because I wanted to know how they met these modern modifications of doctrine and church customs. So I took my overcoat and valise, and got on the cars, and rode sixty miles to witness the occasion. I put up at a hotel, and then prepared my notebook, and went into the examination. The ministers who asked the questions were of different ages, as well as of various shades of belief.

The candidate, Loring Wriggles, was forty years old, and possessed of a clear mind. I was satisfied with all his answers on doctrine. He rejected the old school views of election, and led his questioners into a little wrangle. One old minister said, "The brother is not sound on election." "That is true," replied an old deacon from another church; and a good-natured but fiery discussion arose on old school and new school Zimrums which is not of much interest now.

A majority of the council pronounced him sound. The minister took care of that when he invited the men. Having passed this ordeal, he then gave satisfactory answers on immersion, which seemed to delight the whole company save

myself. Then came the close communion part of the examination. There was one question asked by the oldest man in the council, which was put as follows :—

“Will you invite to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper any but members of the Zimrum church?”

“Yes!” was the prompt reply.

It silenced the fatherly man who asked the question, for a moment. But he rallied sufficiently to ask, “What reasons have you for inviting other persons?”

The minister replied, “I leave that duty with the conscience of every individual who may feel disposed to accept the invitation. The passover was eaten by all the Jewish people, and as this sacrament is a substitute for the passover, I think every person who desires to commemorate the sufferings and death of Christ should be privileged to do so.”

“Would you invite men who have not met with a change of heart to come to the Lord's table?”

“No,” he replied; “I would not put the invitation in that language. I would invite all Christian people.”

“But would you not send a man away from the table if you knew he had not been converted?”

“No; because Christ did not send Judas away when he knew he was a devil, and said so.”

A new-school man asked the candidate to state the Scripture ground of his views of open communion. He answered, “I believe that this whole matter is taken out of our hands by the Savior, and left with the individual who communes, and I rest my faith on 1st Corinthians, 11th chapter, 29th verse. ‘For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord’s body.’”

The questioning on this subject ceased at this point. The whole examination more than met my expectations. The view of immersion as held by the candidate was in harmony with that of the Belduffins, thus far; like them he was ready to baptize all who desired to be immersed. He parted from the Belduffins when he stated that he would not baptize children, or baptize by pouring or sprinkling.

After thinking it all over, I said to brother Wiggles, “In fifteen years your church will

ordain men into her ministry who will be ready to baptize in all ways, and of all classes who are accepted of God in Christ." To which he replied, "I believe it."

"Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day, and cease to be."

The hand of time has touched the Belduffin church, and left some visible changes among them. In one church's system it is doctrine that has undergone a modification, or that has been laid aside, though it may still hold a place in the printed creed. The sermons of the pulpit and testimonies of the lecture-room declare one system, the old published creeds, still kept and reprinted year after year, declare another. They do not agree, and the inconsistency is accounted for only by the fact, that religious faith is so sensitive, that an improved theology or ritual is brought into the church discipline and confession of faith with a slower step than they come into sermons and Christian testimony.

The Belduffins have a modified faith on the nature of future punishment, as is seen in the sermons of their young preachers, when compared

with the sermons of the old men, who proclaimed material fire as the portion of the finally lost.

The most noticeable change to me among the Belduffins is in their dress. An ear-ring or finger-ring, a breast-pin or feather, a flower or a piece of flaunting ribbon, once kept a sister out of a love council. A penitent girl, who to-day bows at the altar of the church, to seek Christ in salvation, is not asked to lay off her gewgaws, polonais, pannier, jewels, false hair, half a dozen flying ribbons, velvets, laces, bugle trimming, watch and chain, feathers and flowers, hoops, and Dolly Varden dresses, and she is not forbidden the sinful games of checkers, croquet, chess, fox and geese, and many other amusements that were looked upon as really wicked by the "old time preachers," and the whole connection.

The royal old-fashioned preachers, who were so plain in their dress that they would not wear a button on a dress coat behind, are succeeded by young men, who go into the pulpit now, to do their holy work, ornamented with gold studs and gold sleeve-buttons, carrying a gold watch, hung by a gold chain, with an ornamental seal attached, with a white vest and a fancy-colored necktie, a

mustache which almost spans the open mouth, mutton-chop whiskers or a full beard, just as the fancy of the wearer may dictate. Gold-bowed spectacles, which add a scholastic air to a professional man, are frequently worn by a brother who has weak eyes. Whether or not these changes are for the better, readers will decide for themselves ; of one thing we may all entertain a common belief — extreme follows extreme ; and the church that could make such a revolution on universal salvation in the creeds as the Belduffin did, through the press and by their preaching and exhorting, singing and praying, must certainly have impressed society with ideas of liberality in dress, and assisted in bringing in the present extravagant fashions in dress which lead so many good people to mourn.

Riches and dress, the judgment and future everlasting punishment, were common themes for sermons in the early times among the Belduffin preachers, and strangers visiting their plain sanctuaries expected to hear thoughts that would naturally grow from these subjects. The pure gospel sermons, leveled at the sins of the people, show that these ministers rested their views of practi-

cal religion upon the Scripture teachings. While there has been a reform in the moral teachings of the pulpit in the use of tobacco, and temperance and kindred topics, the church has been threatened, of late, with spiritual declension, and a lack of conscience in her preachers. This is indicated by the fact that many of these ministers preserve a strange silence on future everlasting punishment, the judgment day, total depravity, riches, extravagance in dress and living, and other kindred topics. The chief men, who fill the chief pulpits, employ silver tongues while standing before the people, and the lesser lights have as delicate an expression. In other matters we witness either a sign of the millennium, or a drifting backward from it.

It is not an uncommon thing to see a Belduffin minister united in marriage to a Pontetoo lady; and where enmity seemed to exist between these two orders, now some of their ministers are free to exchange pulpits for the Sabbath services, as they frequently do in Hillabud, Shamreef, and Eureka.

Vacations of a month are often taken in the summer by the younger ministers in all the

sects, and the church is closed during the minister's absence. The young people in the societies enjoy the liberty, but many of the old members regard it as a wrong to stay God's work, when the saloons and dancing houses of the country are kept open the year round. Occasionally a church retains a choice preacher by permitting him to preach one sermon on the Sabbath. The house is closed one half of the day, and many of the young folks use the time to ride out on horseback, or in carriages, for pleasure. This custom, however, has never become very common, and it will probably grow in disfavor until it is entirely abolished.

From change to change the ministers and churches go, and nothing is settled in the outward manifestations of their holy life.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## CHURCH POLITICS.

**E**CCLESIASTICAL politics has grown to be one of the most important unwritten sciences in existence, and its influence is so extensive and so necessary, that the record of the "one hundred" would be incomplete in the minds of a great many people, if I did not say something about it.

The churches these men served were not gathered and organized by mere chance. Their finances, in connection with new church enterprises and great benevolent movements, such as the missionary cause, were not managed without large forethought and scheming. The appointment of ministers over the churches, and the election of vestrymen, wardens, deacons, stewards, Sabbath school superintendents, delegates to the great court and general sittings, were not the results of a moment's thought after the people

had assembled to make the choice. Politics and religion mingle in the churches to a remarkable degree ; but it may be said, to the credit of the churches, that there is a good deal more of religion than of politics.

A committee-man and I met on the cars a few years ago, as we were both leaving Bontos for home. He was a deacon in the Sorongo church, and one of the soberest, plainest men, in his outward appearance, to be found in the city full of people where he lived. But he knew how to do church business, as he called it, for he had been a deacon ten years, and he had only one rival in his church of three hundred members. That was deacon Blondershell. I had met him occasionally, but I did not know much about him, only as I heard the people speak of him. He was a very active church-business man, and he always had something to do in the general movements of the society.

Deacon Shinney and I were seated together in the car. It was Monday morning. The deacon proceeded immediately to apologize for being away from home on the Sabbath, as though his conscience troubled him. "We are without a minis-

ter, you know," he said ; and then he told me his story.

"I am on the committee appointed by the society to look up a man for our pulpit, and I was down in the province of Hillabud yesterday, to hear two men preach. I was in Hallup in the morning, and heard the Rev. Mr. Keener, and in the afternoon I went to Longtown, and heard Rev. Mr. Oddleberg."

I asked him this question : "Did either man know that you were hearing him for a special purpose ?"

"O, no ; I heard them, and gave no intimation to any one what my business was."

"Why did you select these men, and pass a hundred others in your church by, in your travels ?"

"The reason of it was," he replied, "we had six letters from ministers and members of churches recommending Mr. Oddleberg, and President Solon, of Isaiah's College ; and two professors suggested to us by letter, that we had better go and hear Mr. Keener."

"Well, how did you like the men ?" I asked.

"Very well indeed," he replied. "Mr. Oddle-

berg is a little too old, I think, for our society ; he is forty-three. But he is a strong man in the pulpit. There is only one objection I have to him, and with me it is fatal. Some of his people told me, that he preaches in the forenoon, every Sabbath, without manuscript. That is not the old style of doing the work in our church. It may suit the Belduffins, but it would not suit us. I have not much hopes that Mr. Oddleberg will be our man. Mr. Keener I liked better ; his sermon was well written, and well read. He is a young man, and he would draw the young people ; and then he preached the old doctrine of election in its purity, without any letting down or shading off. All I am afraid of in his case is, that we cannot get him, because he is very popular there, and he has been settled only eighteen months."

I said, "Deacon, how many men constitute the committee of which you are a member?"

"Three."

"Where were the other two yesterday?" I asked.

"They were out on the same business," he replied. "Deacon Blondershell went to the prov-

ince of Eureka, to hear Rev. Mr. Bowline, a man whom his daughter heard preach a few Sabbaths ago, when she was up there on a visit. She spoke so highly of him, that the deacon thought he would go up and hear him. Mr. Graham is the third member of the committee, and he went to Rockwell, in Hillabud, to hear Dr. Maudlin."

"Suppose," said I, "when you all get back, and compare notes, that each one of you has found a man that you honestly believe would fill the place; how will you settle it?"

He said, "Let each man come and preach, and then work to make popular sentiment in his favor, by talking with the people before he comes, and after he goes, and puff him in the papers."

"So that is the way you do it?" I asked.

"Yes. I will go, the Sabbath before Mr. Keener comes to preach on trial, to Mr. James, and Harris, and Rinkle, members of the church, and men of influence, and then to three or four of my personal friends in the congregation who are not members of the church, but who pay liberally, and get them to talk up Mr. Keener; and the editors of both of our weekly papers are in sympathy with

me in other things, and I will get my son to write reports of his sermons, and talk well for the man, and put them into the papers, and I think I can make it go."

I noticed the solving of this problem very closely. Deacon Shinney carried out his programme, but he failed to get Mr. Keener for his minister. When Deacon Blondershell came home, he was enamored with the Rev. Mr. Bowline. He represented him as a progressive man, and liberal in his theological views. To the young folks the deacon said, "He can play checkers and preach good sermons, sing in social meetings and let the women speak."

The deacon made public opinion in Mr. Bowline's favor before he preached his trial sermon. So, when he appeared in the vacant pulpit and preached, the people were ready to vote for his settlement. It was love at first sight. Deacon Shinney surrendered immediately, for he saw how the people were going, and he was too wise to break with the masses.

At an early meeting of the church and society, a unanimous vote secured Rev. Mr. Bowline as the pastor of that church. He was a good choice in

many respects. The pulpit was not his greatest throne of power, however, because he was under the controlling influence of a habit, when preaching, that excited both curiosity and contempt. He wrote and read his sermons — at least he professed to read, but it was reading and preaching. If he had bound himself to his manuscript, and never indulged in extemporizing, he would have been more successful and popular. But from three to ten times, during the delivery of a sermon, he would step out to the end of the desk and fire rockets. If there was any evil in his society that he abhorred, he was sure to point a moral in his sermon by some extravagant extemporaneous remark, which would come down upon the audience with a crash. Individuals, cliques, the fashions, shams, looseness in theology, and, in fact, everything that he disliked, was chastised in these episodes of his sermons.

Very early in his pastorate, the people of Erwin learned his defect in preaching, and the floating church-goers floated off to hear other men. But the mystery with everybody was, how brother Bowline could hold his own people. They built a fifty thousand dollar church for him, and ad-

vanced his salary from one to two thousand dollars. They were very punctual in their attendance at preaching, and all the vestry meetings of the church. No minister in Erwin, of any one of all the fifteen churches, had the influence among his own people, or the power over them, that this man wielded. He was a born manager, and knew human nature in every place, with the exception of when he stood in the pulpit and preached to the people in the pews. There his knowledge of men seemed to fail him; and this cannot be accounted for, only by the fact, that when he made things "tremble," he was invariably extemporizing; when he preached well, he read. His power over men consisted of tact and social magnetism. Everybody liked him out of the pulpit. He spoke to all the children and poor people, and would get on the job wagons to ride, and talk with the teamsters, when going home from the post-office or stores.

He was personally acquainted with all the leading politicians in the dominant political party in the province before he had served his church five years. He got control of an immense political influence in his city, which he used in electing



members of the school board. His own society was frequently represented in the legislature, in the list of county officers, on the school committee, and one governor of the province was found in his congregation.

Brother Bowline did not once appear before the public eye as a member of the school committee even. Once he could have been a member of the legislature. At another time he was offered the position as superintendent of public instruction, and several offices of less importance were tendered him at different times. But he always declined them. He did not fail to mention the name of a friend in his society, however, who would do well in the place; and he invariably put one of his men into the positions he was asked to fill. He held the moneyed and influential men of his society as his friends. These marks of confidence and favor were appreciated by the men who received them and their friends. Very few people knew why that society was so often favored with these distinctions, while some other congregations, with as many great and good men, were almost entirely neglected. The few who knew the secret kept it well and

wisely, since every such mixture of tact and magnetism is potential only as it is not generally known.

Brother Bowline was no less influential in his denomination at councils and all sorts of religious gatherings. He was invariably consulted about whom they should have for moderator and clerk. In selecting an editor for the church paper, when a change was made on one occasion, he dictated the man who was elected to fill the place. Societies asked advice of him in reference to selecting ministers, and he frequently made the appointment of men to churches. The chief college in his church in the east was dependent on his counsel for a president three times in its history. He was an excellent judge of men, and rarely made a mistake as to a man's adaptability for a particular place.

To supplement a man like brother Bowline with two men like Deacons Blondershell and Shinney, and give them religion, the deaconship, and ministry, to strengthen them with a large church and congregation as a base of operation, is to empower a man for a great deal of good or evil work. This trio worked together harmoniously in their own

church, and in politics. Brother Bowline's aim was, to do good in all his planning and executing; and we have no doubt but he did it. This one thing he did, viz., remain longer as pastor of that church than any man who preceded him. His pastorate extended over twenty years. Every other man who preached there before him failed in his management when weighed in the balances with the two deacons. The dignity of these three men, and the prestige of the church, concealed from sight the frequent meetings of the minister and leading politicians in the city of Bontos, one hundred miles from home. That dignity did not admit of mingling with political caucuses, or preaching sermons on election themes. The secret springs of power were the only ones they ventured to touch. When they openly manifested the work that was all prepared in secret channels, it was shown that the Sorongo church had the largest share of the offices and power in the province; and it is by no means doubtful that this influence reached other provinces, and produced like results, but I cannot trace it there.

The church spread rapidly over the province. New organizations sprang up, and converts were

multiplied. Brother Bowline's example in not accepting any public office in the gift of the people was followed by more than fifty ministers of his creed, and not one of the cloth entered into any place higher than superintending school committee in a town, while brother Bowline gave counsel in the private conclaves of the leaders. He was not in sympathy with the idea of ministers leaving the pulpit to hold offices in the province, and he secretly blocked the way against a great many men who could not tell what kept them out. It was his sect he was increasing in the secret council chambers of the party. Officers were nothing. A large church will bring large offices, draw the present crowd of people into our church doors, and win the hearts of the oncoming populations, and it will enlarge our borders ; but everything must be done quietly. A good general keeps his own counsel.

The unselfish character of the man in the office question won for him admiration among political leaders, who wanted the places themselves. His religious influence was worth a great deal to the party. He stood where he could see inside and outside of the church. This

taught him to exert a restraining influence over the clergy when temperance and anti-slavery were discussed before the public, and the result was, the church lived a comparatively unobtrusive life in her relations to exciting reforms.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## MISTAKES BY GOOD PEOPLE.

IN my boyhood the Sorongo church, according to the statistics of their great session, had one hundred and eighty-nine thousand members in Melkina. The Belduffin church numbered two hundred and forty thousand members, and the Zimrums numbered about one hundred and fifty thousand. The number of each of the other religious orders fell below these figures.

The Belduffins were an active, and at times erratic sort of people. The poor found a home among them. It was a church for the common people. Their idea had a place in my own mind for a number of years—that the soul of man needs rearrangement; everything therein must be thoroughly stirred up, so that the sunlight may get in to the heretofore impervious forest, and dew fall among the branches, and new fertilizing forces around the roots. From them I learned to

believe that I had to do something towards it myself; so I took a shaking up. I had been to sea, and was seasick. I had been in battles, and was frightened. I had had the nightmare and the ague. But all the shakings, and frights, and seasickness, and nightmare, that I had experienced, did not compare with the stirring up of my spiritual nature, when I got among the Belduffins. I really thought I should die. I was only a child, but that made it worse for me. I did not know how to get back to the place from which I started; that road was shut up, and I could not go forward, for that was shut up too. I saw angels, and devils, and lions, of every sort, all around me; and I declare, upon the honor of a man, that it was the hardest time I ever had in my life. I felt the meanest, and yet I did not know what I had done to induce such a state of things. But I had to work myself out of it. I made a most tremendous effort to be a happy boy, several times, but failed; and once, when I fell back after trying, I came out of it just as I have come out of a spell of the horrors many a time since. I felt all right.

I left my home in Shamreef, to visit Hallidroy,

and was absent a great many years. Nothing specially interesting in this connection transpired during the time. When I returned home again, the Belduffins greeted me, as soon as I landed, for they were a very numerous people, filling places of business, and serving as laborers.

I had been where no papers reached me, and I did not correspond with any religious people. Therefore everything in the religious societies was new to me. It was at this time that I met Deacon Shinney. I was a good subject to hear his story, and the way I happened to have my attention attracted to the old order then more particularly, was by meeting the deacon. His plotting and planning to get Mr. Keener were so curious, and the sequel was so different from what he anticipated, that when I saw the whole plan and the triumph of Deacon Blondershell, I began to opine that there was something going on among the Belduffins and Zimrums that would interest me if I would look into matters a little more closely. I had always supposed that things were fixed by "Providence;" what that was I could not tell, and I never cared a great deal until this time.



My curiosity was excited, and I was possessed of a sort of semi-religious curiosity, which led me to investigate the denominational bodies of Melkina, without asking many questions. I did not want to get the reputation of being a nomad, and yet I could not devise a way by which to get among the Zimrums, and study them, except by going to their great sittings. I was greatly perplexed over it, but finally hit upon this plan. In the province of Shamreef I had a brother who was a Zimrum preacher, and two aunts who belonged to the same church. They were strong-minded women, and very active in the woman-suffrage movement. My brother was a close observer, and knew enough about men and affairs to tell me all that my purpose required. So I went to the city of Dawner, in Shamreef, and set up housekeeping near my brother.

The first thing that caught my attention fully, after my arrival, was an interesting case in church membership, that excited the people for ten miles and more in the surrounding country. A very wealthy man, who was a member of the Zimrum church, became offended with my brother. What gave the offense I need not say; at any rate, he

asked for a letter of dismission, so that he might join the Belduffin church. My brother refused to give him a letter. The man asked for it twice, and the third time he came to my brother's house, and told him that as he had waited three months since the first time he asked for a letter, he had made up his mind that he would not ask again. My brother was short-sighted in thinking that he should keep the man now since he had said he would not ask for his letter again. But the very next week the man went to the Rev. Mr. Winkle, pastor of the Belduffin church, and told his story. "And now," said he, "I have attended your meetings for two years, and I must join the church. I have no letter, and the Zimrum minister will not give me one. I told him, last week, that I never would ask him for one again. Is there no way for me to get into your church without a letter?"

"O, yes," replied Mr. Winkle; "you can come by telling our people what kind of a disposition you have. If you don't get mad, or use profane language, — if you keep the Sabbath, and are kind to the poor, and give liberally of your money to help the church, and talk with God, and let him

talk with you, and be better than some folks we have already, and as good as some we have, — I think there will be no trouble. I'll take you into our church on these statements and a few others that I will not mention now."

"All right," replied the man. I will join you." And he did, at a session held by the Belduffins two days after this conversation.

My brother and Mr. Winkle met just one week after this unecclesiastical business was transacted. It was a warm meeting, for two reasons ; one of them was, the thermometer was among the nineties ; the other was, — I am ashamed to say it, — my brother was mad ! He grew pale, his voice trembled ; I am sorry, for the family name. His conversation was not seasoned with anything so much as an unpleasant feeling. Those men stood in that broiling sun two hours, talking over this irregularity ; longer than either one ever stood to preach a sermon. The point of discussion was, that the man belonged to two churches. He never withdrew from the Zimrums, and he had joined the Belduffins. My brother lost the case and the man's money, for he was very wealthy, and the most liberal man in the town ; and every-

body thought that the money was what both preachers were anxious about quite as much as the man's soul.

This was my introduction to the Zimrums, on my return to Shamreef; and scarcely anything could have given me a worse impression of this people than this case. I tried to exercise a good deal of charity for my brother. I knew his family history, and I could shade his action down much easier than if he had been a stranger to me.

I soon found that I was living at the centre of the Zimrum church in Melkina. My aunts and my brother had a great deal to do with church movements, and they were very free in conversing about matters before me.

The people composing this church held some peculiar views of Christian duty. Whether it was a desire to be loyal to the church in the estimation of one another, or strong conviction that their views were true, that seemed to pervade every minister's life, I am not prepared to say. They were strong in their chosen faith. The points of their creed that the other denominations and worldly-minded people criticised the most, were the points they took the greatest delight in

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defending. Religious prejudice is the strongest of all the prejudices that can find a place in a man's soul. This may account in part for the persistent defense they made of the peculiar manner they adopted of going to their religious supper. On the table were common bread and strong port wine. A glass of it would have made the minister, or any member at the supper, drunk. Almost every church in Melkina followed the Zimrums by using intoxicating wine at their religious feasts, but nobody was expected to take more than one small sup of the wine during all the time he sat at the table ; and the use of it in its intoxicating form was justified by this fact. My brother told me that he was often amazed to see the difference in the amount of wine the people would drink at one sup. He had one deacon who invariably commented on the wine after supper. If it was good or bad he would say so ; and he was a good judge, for he drank wine at home, and he always took two sups at the religious supper. It was against the rule, but they endured it rather than have any trouble in the society by crossing the deacon's will.

I met an old acquaintance of my boyhood soon

after I got settled. He was sawing wood for my aunts. I had seen him on the street staggering drunk several times, but never supposed that I had seen him before, until I asked him, at the wood-pile, "Why do the boys call you 'Old Blues?'"

The old man felt it. He laid down his saw, and sat down by my side, and told me the tale of his life. I will not repeat it all. He said, —

"My father is dead. I have a kind mother and two good sisters, and I guess that I inherited my desire for strong drink from my father. I don't know how else I got it. I get boozy once in a while, and when I do, I talk about going to the poor farm, and about dying. When I first came to this place, there was a tailor down street, who would get me into his shop when I was tight, and tell me that I was blue. By and by the boys got hold of it, and they commenced to call me 'Old Blues!' When I am sober, very few people call me by this name. But when they think I am the worse for liquor, everybody tries to push me down hill, by calling me 'Old Blues.'"

"Why don't you give it up?" I replied. "Quit drink, and be a sober man."

"Well, sir," he said, "I did sign the pledge, at a big temperance meeting, three years ago, and I joined the temperance society, and I was doing well. I didn't drink any liquor for two years, and I saved one hundred dollars in money in those two years — more than I had saved for fifteen years before. My friends were greatly encouraged, and they got me to go among the Zimrums, and join the church. Everything went well with me until I went to the religious supper, and drank the wine ; and believe me, sir, that ruined me. I had kept out of bar-rooms and saloons, and away from drinking men, so I wouldn't smell the liquor. But I was caught unawares ; at that supper I smelled it and tasted it, and went home with a stronger appetite for rum than I ever had. I couldn't overcome it, and I went to drinking from that time. If I had staid away from the Zimrums I believe I should be all right to-day."

"Where were your friends ?" I asked. "Didn't you go to them, and talk over this trouble ?"

"No," he replied. "You see, the temperance folks don't belong to the church in this place. The Zimrums don't let any but their own folks go to their religious supper. My own mother is

a Belduffin, and when she visited me a year ago, she went to hear the preaching. The members of the Zimrum church were invited to supper that afternoon ; but I didn't go, because my mother was not invited, when she sat by my side. There is Deacon Huss : everybody knows that he drinks wine and cider at home ; and I have sawed wood for lots of the big folks around here, and I know some of them drink cider for dinner nearly every day."

I tried to encourage the poor man to believe that temperance was a part of religion, and that a reform must be produced in the church, both in the matter of furnishing wine for religious suppers, and in the drinking habits of the members.

But he was the enemy of the whole church. "They have deceived me," he said, "and hurt me ; the very place I thought I should find friends, I found enemies. I was wounded in the house of those who ought to have been friends, and I have left them forever. Don't talk churches to me."

I knew the man failed to understand the imperfections of human organizations, and to appreci-



ate the difference of views existing among men. But I acknowledged that he was wronged by the wine given him at the religious supper, and I left him, thinking how we are partakers in other men's sins.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## DIVORCED FROM SECULAR CALLINGS.

THE preacher, the pastor, the man,—how many good qualities are necessary to complement the few broken columns my pen has fashioned in what I have written! Where shall I find the high order of manhood requisite to silence thoughts that struggle into the form of objections to all men who attempt to preach God's truth? and is it possible to remove a prejudice that is still growing in the generations against the preacher and his work?

As my thoughts have dwelt upon this subject, they have reverted again and again to the first ministers in the list, in rank the highest, and in character the best of the sons of men,—Jesus and the twelve. Exalted they were by every grace that men could gain. They need no apologetic words to speak of their character or deeds. What simple names! Paul and Peter, John and

James, Andrew and Thomas. They may be titled Saints, Apostles, or Disciples ; but these savor of the conversation of heaven rather than of earth. Their chief had numerous appellatives of the godlike kind, all of which have been well guarded, so far that few men have worn any one as their own, unless it be Lord, which, when put upon a citizen, weighs him down in humiliating comparison with one the latchet of whose shoes no man is worthy to loose.

Their church was broader than that of the Melkina ecclesiastic. No name could be applied but Church, Disciples, Branches, Building, or others of a common kind. And yet of human nature each of these great men had his full share. From the Son of man down to the son of the devil, who, by his fall, taught his fellows to rise, the weaknesses of the human heart, accompanied with its forceful motions sinward, abounded in them as in every other man. A strong, if not the strongest influence that ever swept through human hearts to check the motions of the true life, was theirs to encounter. But the fact that they were human makes them the sublime examples they are. Providence gave the word. Men

were wanted, and they were found ; improved, to be sure, by companionship with their Lord, but still men in the strictest sense. As ministers of the highest truth, none claimed more than a nature of the common kind, save Jesus only. He stands peerless in the excellency of his wisdom, in the greatness of his power, in the symmetry of his life, in the grandeur of his teachings, and in the divinity of his works ; a pattern for all men, and the mould into which every life must run, to be reshaped and prepared for the peculiar task of following in his steps as a teacher and example of the truth.

My purpose is accomplished in giving to the world this book, if it shall prove an incentive to Christians and to Christian ministers to avert the secularizing of the minister and his holy office. Worthy examples of the highest order of consecration to the ministerial work are found in the thirteen of whom I now write. The personal habits, singleness of purpose, and oneness of work, which marked the lives of these, should also characterize all men who claim to have been peculiarly called of God to serve him as the successors of his Son and the twelve.

A church organization of two hundred members is usually a miniature picture of a nation, with all its departments, interior and exterior, friends and foes, old and young, honest and dishonest, sometimes black and white ; if not in skin, the colors can be found in what is commonly called the heart. A church organization is a little kingdom ; foreigners seek admission ; folks go from one community to another ; they vote, make, and sometimes break, laws ; elect their president when they choose a pastor ; they often impeach him if he fails to resign, and handsomely depose him from office.

The churches of Melkina were strangely constructed, not merely because there was a great variety of people composing them, nor was it wholly owing to the cross-grained elements that often grew up in them. But these churches were named, furnished and finished with laws and officers, dignitaries and a lack of them, editors with their papers, presidents with their schools, grave assemblies of renowned Doctors of Divinity and Doctors of Law, Bachelors of Arts and Masters of Arts, deliberating on the necessity of making more laws for the religious people, and not

infrequently creating new offices to be filled by newly-elected officers.

Think for a moment of Jesus Christ making the apostle Paul editor of a weekly religious paper, first calling him to preach the truth, then inducting him into the apostleship. He enters upon the duties of his office, and travels from place to place, preaching to the multitudes that gather to hear him. Men women and children are enamored with the truth, and it exalts them in virtue. The prospect is encouraging, but Paul must stop. Christ tells him to do this work in another way: shut yourself up in a room and edit a weekly religious paper in Rome. Paul's voice is silenced, and this is done that he may take the pen—a weaker weapon if it is wielded by his hand. Barnabas, who differs from Paul in some trivial matters, starts an independent religious paper, and assumes the editorial pen, that he may defend his views when assailed by Paul. Then suppose St. John, because of his statesman-like mind and mild disposition, to have been appointed by the Savior as president of the infant churches, university in the city; and Peter, because of his special adaptation to the work of reform, is made

the leader of a great temperance movement ; and Andrew, his brother, sees slavery to be the great sin of the empire, and he asks his Master to give him liberty to go out of the apostleship, that he may lead the anti-slavery people to devise ways and adopt means for the overthrow of the great system of bondage. Matthew sees an opening for a secular paper in the imperial city, and quickly leaves all and takes the pen to fill the place. James goes into the treasury department of the empire to serve as clerk. Then think of Mark opening an office on a principal street in Rome as a life insurance agent, with Luke on the opposite side of the street, in another office, as a fire insurance agent ; and Judas excused from active labor, that he may speculate and accumulate an ample fortune, and with it retire from his apostleship, without hanging himself, to enjoy a green old age. Behold him watching how the work goes on, giving himself to the reading of Paul's weekly paper, and for variety, because he has an abundance of funds, subscribes for the sheet edited by Barnabas, and then moves around in the church circles, explaining the difference between Paul and Barnabas as editors. And supplement all this by thinking

of Satan entering into the younger apostles, like Timothy and Titus, and inducing them to turn aside to politics, to become a censor, equite, or senator, under the government ; or suppose a man like Thomas, who was naturally full of misgiving, noticing that some of his brethren were more brilliant in their public efforts as preachers, and more popular, and because they go to the cities and centers of population, and immense crowds gather to hear them preach, while he is obliged to deliver his messages in small villages, to but few people of the poorer and less distinguished sort, should become disheartened, and retire in a complaining mood from his high calling, to nurse his gloom and pass his days in making complaints, because he is not appreciated. — But stop. His is not that type of manhood. He did his work. He wrestled in weakness with weakness, and reached the strength of God by touching his risen Master ; and a virtue that fitted him to conquer his inward foe filled his soul, and he became a better apostle, preacher, and man.

If these men had yielded to such outside attractions, and accepted positions as editors, as men of business, or places of preferment in the



empire, or positions of ease, or opportunities for accumulating wealth, it would have defeated the apostleship and gospel ; and it is equally true, if the Lord Christ had no men in his ministry to-day but such as gladly betake themselves, when opportunity presents, to positions and places created by men, in preference to remaining in their high office created by God, to preach his word in this and the other nations of the earth, that word would soon be weaker than fiction, and error would speedily become mightier than the truth. A love of money, associated with a love of position and love of ease, is a wide-spread canker in the ranks of this holy profession.

The Master could not be tempted by wealth to abandon his work of seeking and saving them that were lost. He refused to look at it ; and to him honor and ease were among the rankest weeds of folly that a man could offer his hungry soul. Therefore he led his disciples away from these enchantments, and told them of better fortunes in a better world. His lessons were not lost. The teaching was effectual. Judas, in his headstrong way of doing business, was an exception ; but even he, having turned to hate himself

for his own sin, broke at the fountain the bowl of a life filled with sorrow. He got himself out of the way quickly, and, in all probability, thereby saved his brethren some trouble of thought, if not of a more dangerous sort. A better thing could not have happened than that the only money-maker, speculator, and ambitious business king among the first preachers of the gospel should, after his shameful betrayal, murder himself, and save the people the trouble of further talk about him. The empire would never have brought him to trial ; hence justice would have been abused but for his last remorseful and reckless act.

The early history of the disciples shows that worldly men were set aside before the first school of gospel ministers began to sound the truths of the resurrection and ascension of their Lord upon the ears of men. It made a clear record for the band of men who were charged with proclaiming the words of Christ and the acts of his life. The ministers who follow this example may be proud of the unselfish record Matthew and his brethren made. Let not the beauty be marred, lest a worse thing than suicide come upon him who mars it.

The larger the body of ministers is, the more likely it will be to comprise some money-lovers and worldly ambitious men, with others who are so indifferent to success for either themselves or the cause of truth, that they let everything drift, rather than lay their hands to the oars and row the craft along.

The human voice is an instrument of power. Some men are born speakers. Paul stood at the head of the list after his Master's crucifixion. His brethren had the same gift to a high degree, or they never would have held their position, or witnessed the success that attended their labors. A silent man was not found in the apostolic band, and there ought not to be one in the great band of their successors, who reach around the world. The gospel wants a living voice. The truth waits even now for a faithful utterance. Not silver-tongued simply, but with the high notes and the low notes, with the natural voice inspired by a living spiritual man, the standard of God is to be lifted up. Men are to cry it aloud, and spare not. The life behind the utterance, seen and known by the hearers, acting out a constant illustration of the truths proclaimed, is the God-man's idea of

preaching. If any other had been, he would have written something more than what he wrote on the sand, and in a more permanent form, or else he would have chosen one of his first preachers to be an editor, and granted others liberty to resign and turn to worldly pursuits. No profession was more thoroughly divorced from side issues of every grade than that of the Lord's first preachers. They literally left all and followed him. Papers, schools, insurance companies, business affiliations, and political positions of every kind, were studiously ignored by the appointing power. The freedom of these preachers from entangling alliances with the world gave them a power to speak the truth which none but a God could have bestowed. It lay in the heart of every city and town, and like excellent air, it gave the truth a more healthy expression.

Jesus Christ and the men he chose to do his preaching, immediately after his death, make the last thirteen of my "one hundred ministers." These men were called, and yet went of their own choice to a new work. Filling offices newly created, appointed by a man uncared for by the nation's honorable men; and maligned in part,

because he was himself a wayside and mountain preacher, they went together, the caller and the called, to preach, to meet the mob, and die. These duties done, they had a right to expect that, through all the coming centuries, the men who entered the line of things they had marked out should come from the bonds of railroads, and manufactories, and places of trade, just as they did from nets, and tents, and fishing-grounds; that as they left the children and youth to be taught in the schools by faithful people not summoned to the places they filled, so their successors and followers should, having put their hands to the plow, not look back; that as they compassed land and sea to speak face to face with men, and left the laymen to write the uninspired papers of the church in defense of their doctrines, so there should follow in their steps a class of heroic men, who would willingly forego the temptation to ease found even in an editor's chair.

And why not? Where are we drifting? The church in Melkina shows in the secular enterprises of some of her ex-preachers an apostasy on the verge of which Judas stood but a moment before he went to the hell he made for himself. And

there he is. To keep him company others have gone from the same office. The line of succession is kept up in both directions. But the church is to be congratulated, that as in the case of the Lord, who was, and still is, the leader of the faithful, an overwhelming majority of these men were true to their mission, and so run that they won God's approbation, written on the heart of the church. Their lives were the churches, epistles, known and read of all men. Their death was a triumph, over which Paul was the chief shouter : as a victorious warrior, he declared, " I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."







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